

THE
CRIME
CLINIC

STARRING DR. TOM ROGERS, PRISON PSYCHIATRIST

THE CRIME CLINIC

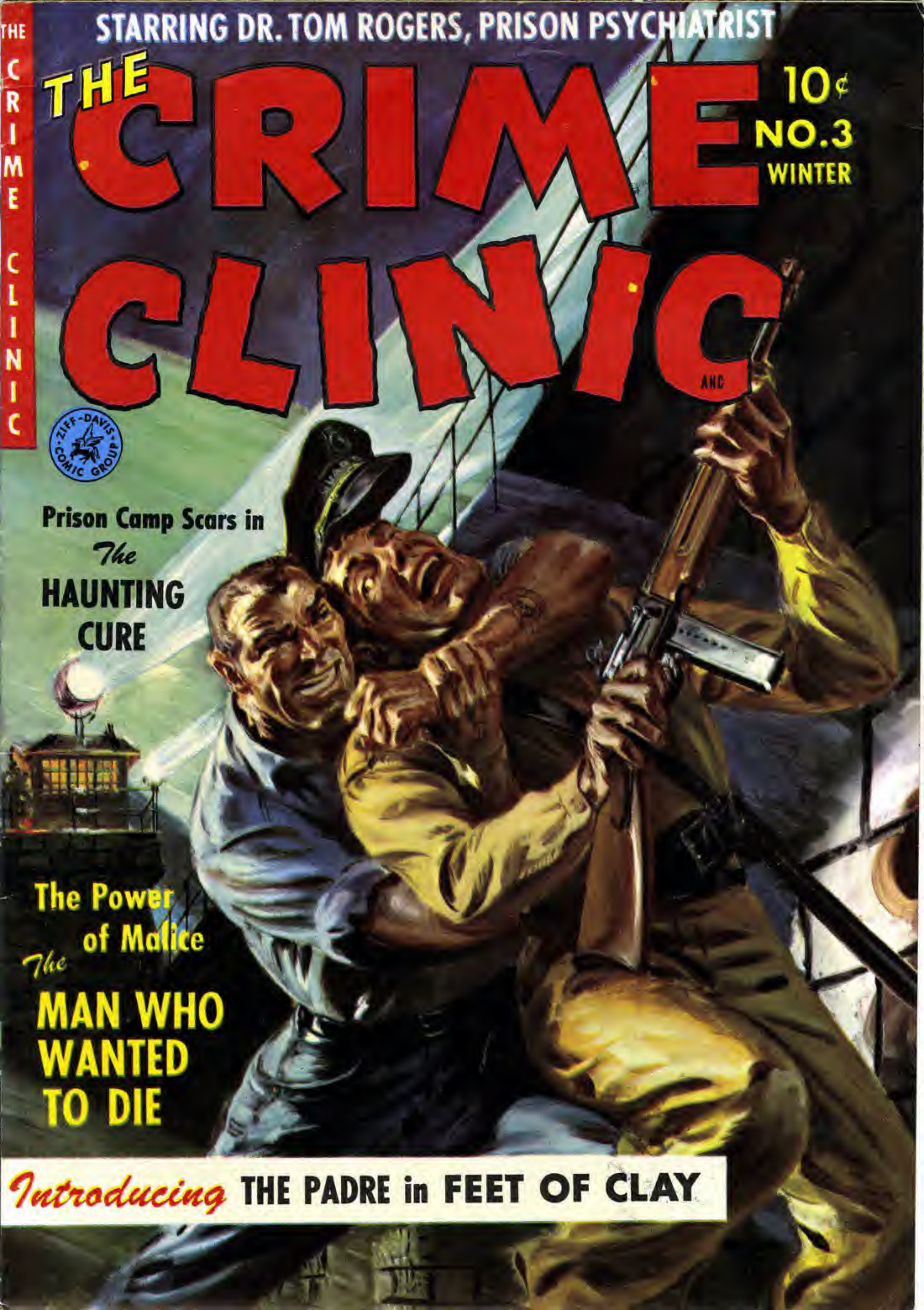
10¢
NO. 3
WINTER



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The
**HAUNTING
CURE**

The Power
of Malice
The
**MAN WHO
WANTED
TO DIE**

Introducing **THE PADRE in FEET OF CLAY**



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THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS
"The **FIRST ROUND**"

TRYING TO RESTORE PRISON INMATES TO USEFUL ROLES IN SOCIETY IS DIFFICULT ENOUGH WITHOUT OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE. AND WHEN POWERFUL NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER, EDGAR JAY ADAMS, SETS HIS SIGHTS ON ROGERS' CRIME CLINIC, THERE CAN ONLY BE TROUBLE AHEAD! RIGHT NOW WE SEE ADAMS TEARING THROUGH THE DAILY CHRONICLE CITY ROOM...

E.J. ADAMS
PUBLISHER

TELL BREMER
I WANT TO
SEE HIM!

Y-YES,
MR. ADAMS!

BREMER, WHAT KIND OF ROT IS THIS? DO YOU EXPECT ME TO PUBLISH THIS FEATURE STORY ON DR. ROGERS? **REHABILITATION**-BAH! CALL IT MOLLY-CODDLING! CONVICTS ARE CRIMINALS-TREAT 'EM AS SUCH! THAT'S **MY** POLICY!

Y-YES,
MR. ADAMS!

STARTING TODAY, BREMER, WE'RE GOING ALL-OUT AGAINST ROGERS! "TUCK-'EM-IN-BED" TECHNIQUE! AND WE'RE NOT EASING UP 'TIL WE SET HIM STRAIGHT, OR DRIVE HIM FROM HIS JOB!

SPLENDID
IDEA, SIR-
SPLENDID!



HERE'S THE FIRST EDITORIAL, AND IF I KNOW MY BUSINESS THE PUBLIC WILL BE HOWLING FOR ROGERS' SCALP TEN MINUTES AFTER IT HITS THE STANDS!

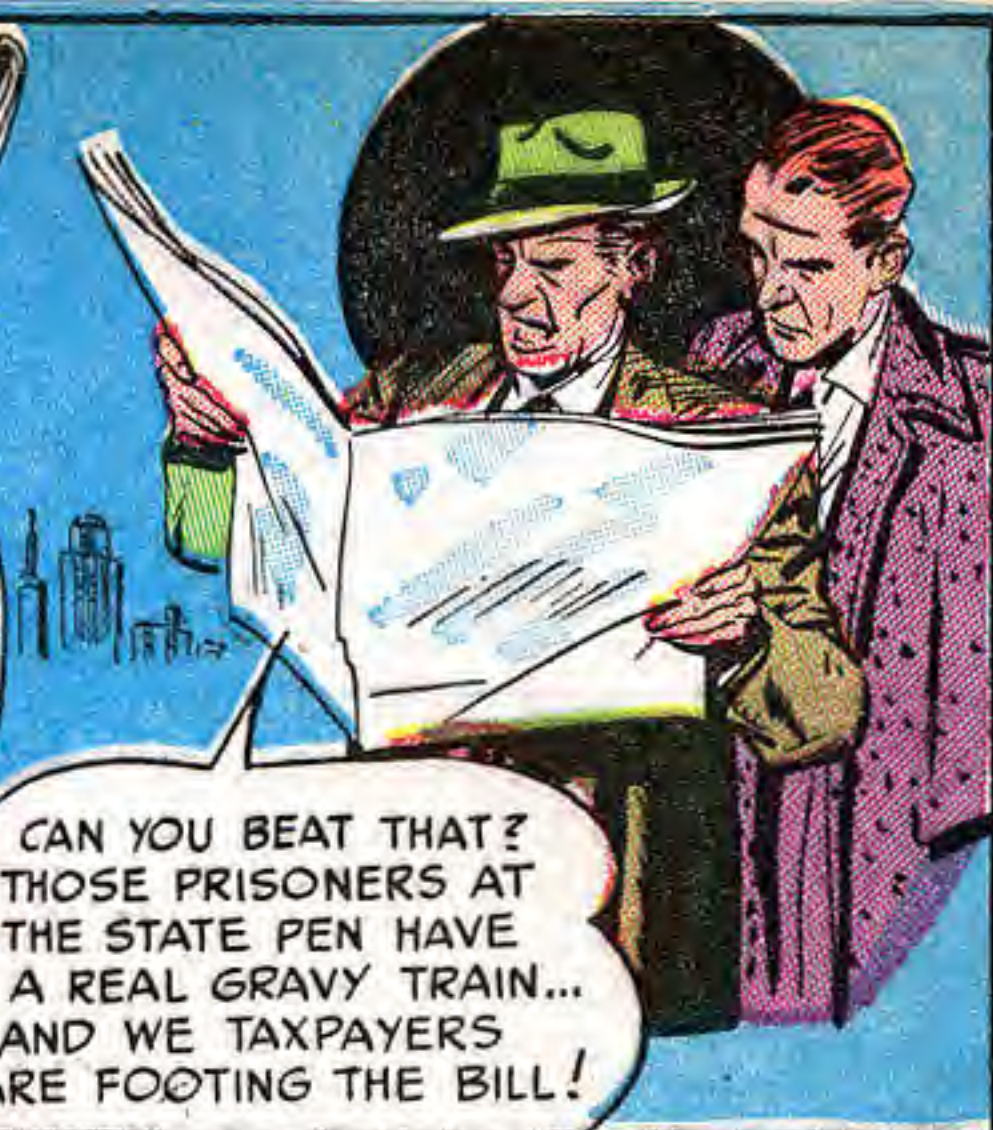
YES, SIR!

THAT EVENING...

READ ALL ABOUT IT! PUBLIC PAYS FOR PRISON GRAVY-TRAIN!



CAN YOU BEAT THAT? THOSE PRISONERS AT THE STATE PEN HAVE A REAL GRAVY TRAIN... AND WE TAXPAYERS ARE FOOTING THE BILL!



AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AT STATE PENITENTIARY...



WE BOTH KNOW THAT ADAMS' MOTIVES ARE CHEAP, DR. ROGERS, BUT IT DOESN'T TAKE US OFF THE SPOT!

BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? WE'RE THE VICTIMS OF THE UNFAIR CRITICISM HE'S BEEN PRINTING IN HIS PAPER!

HERE'S HIS ATTACK ON THE TRUSTEE SYSTEM YOU INTRODUCED! HM! HE CLAIMS WE'RE BENDING OVER BACKWARDS TO TREAT PRISONERS AS GUESTS!



POWERFUL MEN LIKE ADAMS CAN BE A PUBLIC MENACE! WHY, WE COULDN'T GO BACK TO HIS PRISON METHODS, ANY MORE THAN WE COULD RETURN TO THE HORSE AND BUGGY!

I'M NOT AGAINST WHAT YOU'RE DOING, DR. ROGERS. BUT WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WATCH OUR STEP!



THE FOLLOWING DAY IN DR. ROGERS' OFFICE...



I WANT TO THANK YA FOR GETTING ME THAT TRUCK DETAIL, DOC! IT SURE MEANS A LOT TO GET OUT FROM BEHIND THESE WALLS... EVEN IF IT'S FOR ONLY AN HOUR OR TWO!

YOU'VE EARNED IT, EDDIE! A YEAR AGO I'D HAVE SAID NO... BUT I FEEL I CAN TRUST YOU NOW!



WELL, I GUESS I'D BETTER BE GOING! I'VE GOT TO PICK UP A COAL DELIVERY IN A FEW MINUTES!

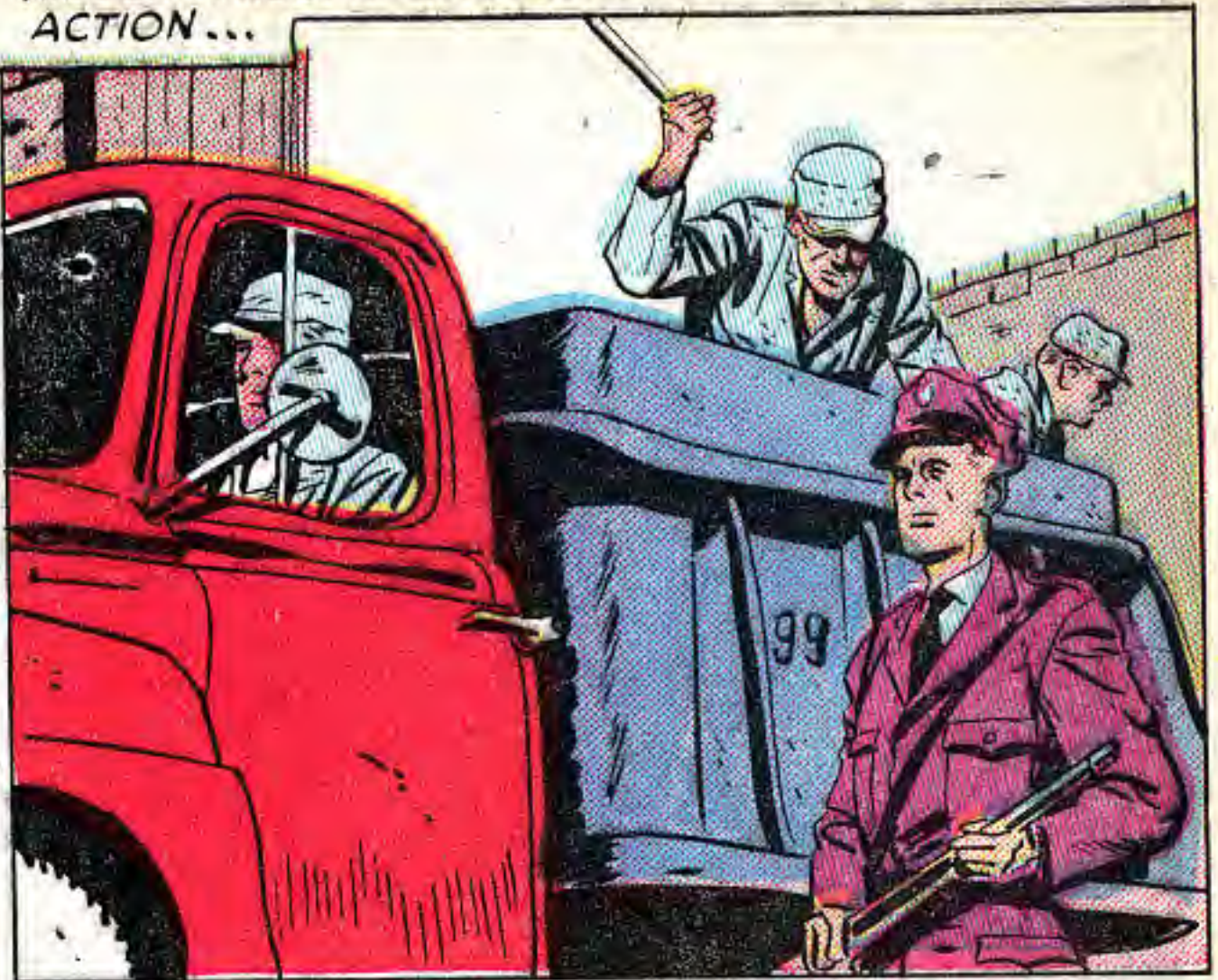
GO RIGHT AHEAD, EDDIE!

EDDIE WINTERS IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF WHAT THE TRUSTEE SYSTEM CAN DO, CAROL! IT'S GIVEN HIM CONFIDENCE AND A SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY THAT SHOULD KEEP HIM STRAIGHT WHEN HE LEAVES HERE.

THERE HE GOES IN HIS TRUCK NOW! HAPPY AS A SCHOOL KID ON A HOLIDAY!

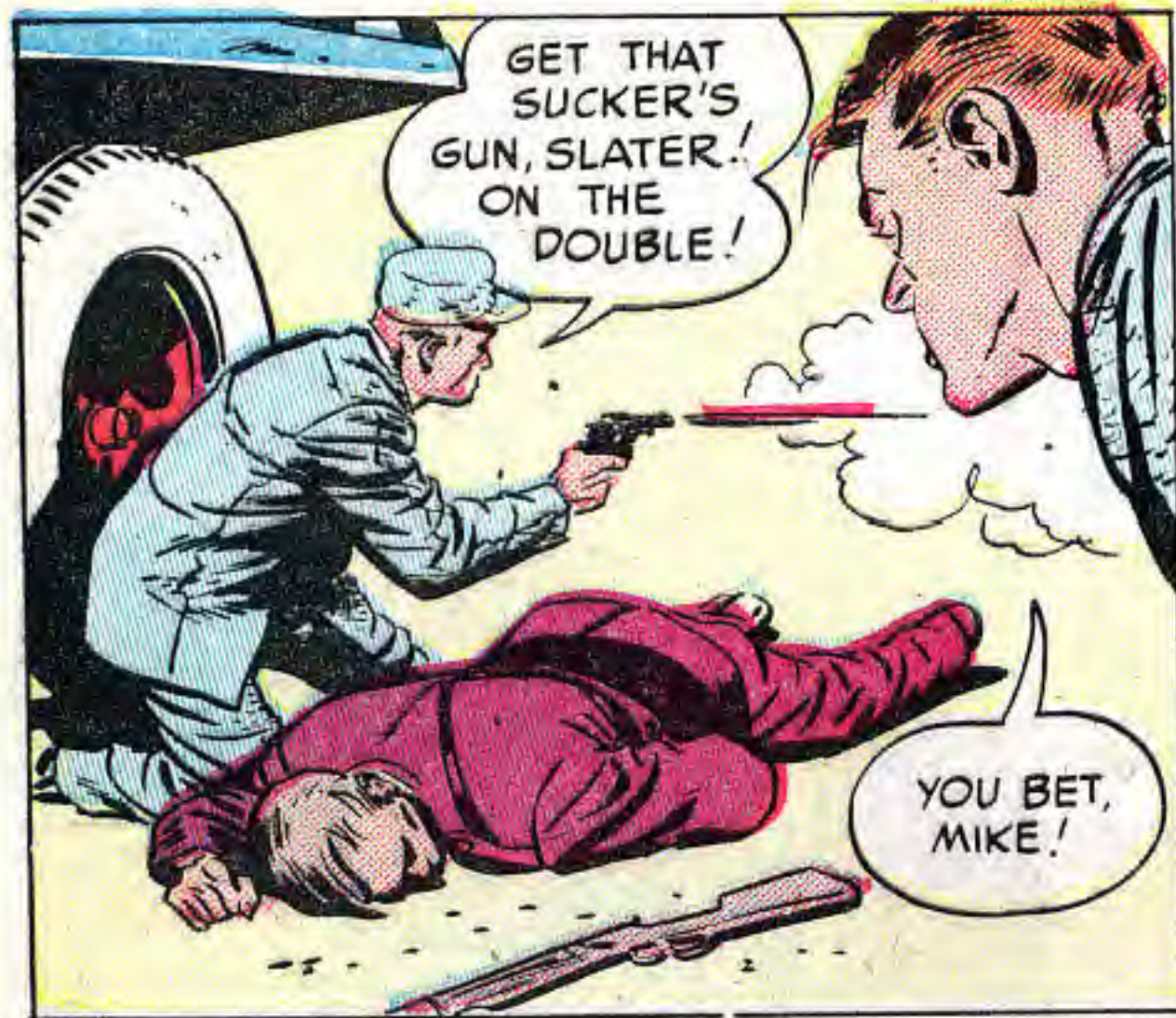


BUT AS EDDIE'S TRUCK APPROACHES THE GATE, TWO HIDDEN PASSENGERS SUDDENLY SPRING INTO ACTION...



GET THAT SUCKER'S GUN, SLATER! ON THE DOUBLE!

YOU BET, MIKE!



THEY SHOT THE GUARDS! THEY'RE ESCAPING!



THAT SAME EVENING IN THE OFFICE OF EDGAR JAY ADAMS...

THIS CLINCHES OUR CASE, BREMER! THE PUBLIC IS SCREAMING FOR ACTION! AND THEY WANT ME TO HEAD THE INVESTIGATION!

IT'S WORKED OUT PERFECTLY, SIR!



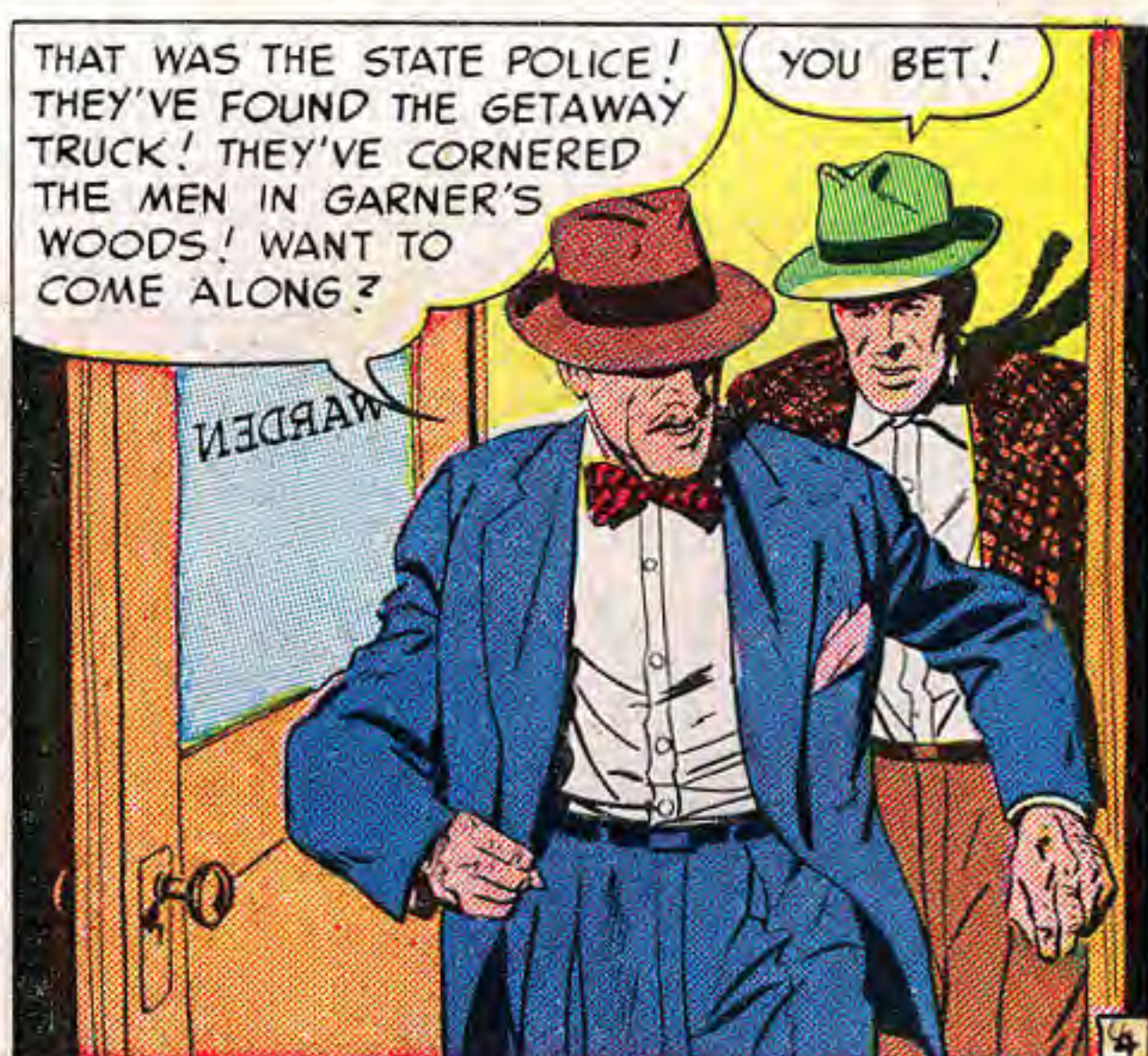
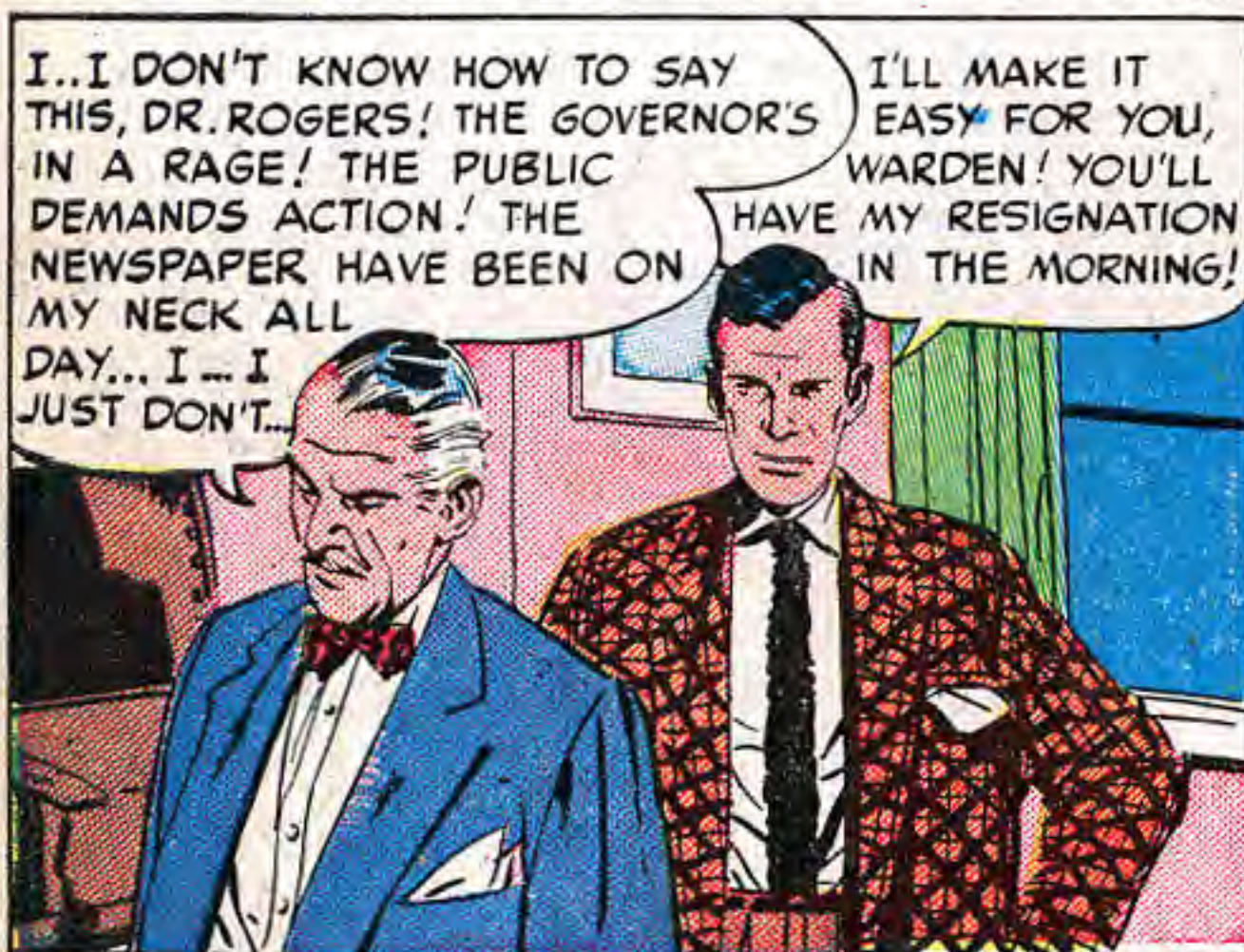
THIS IS THE OPENING I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, AND I'M PREPARED TO BLAST THIS THING SKY HIGH!

YES, MR. ADAMS!





AND IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AT STATE PENITENTIARY...

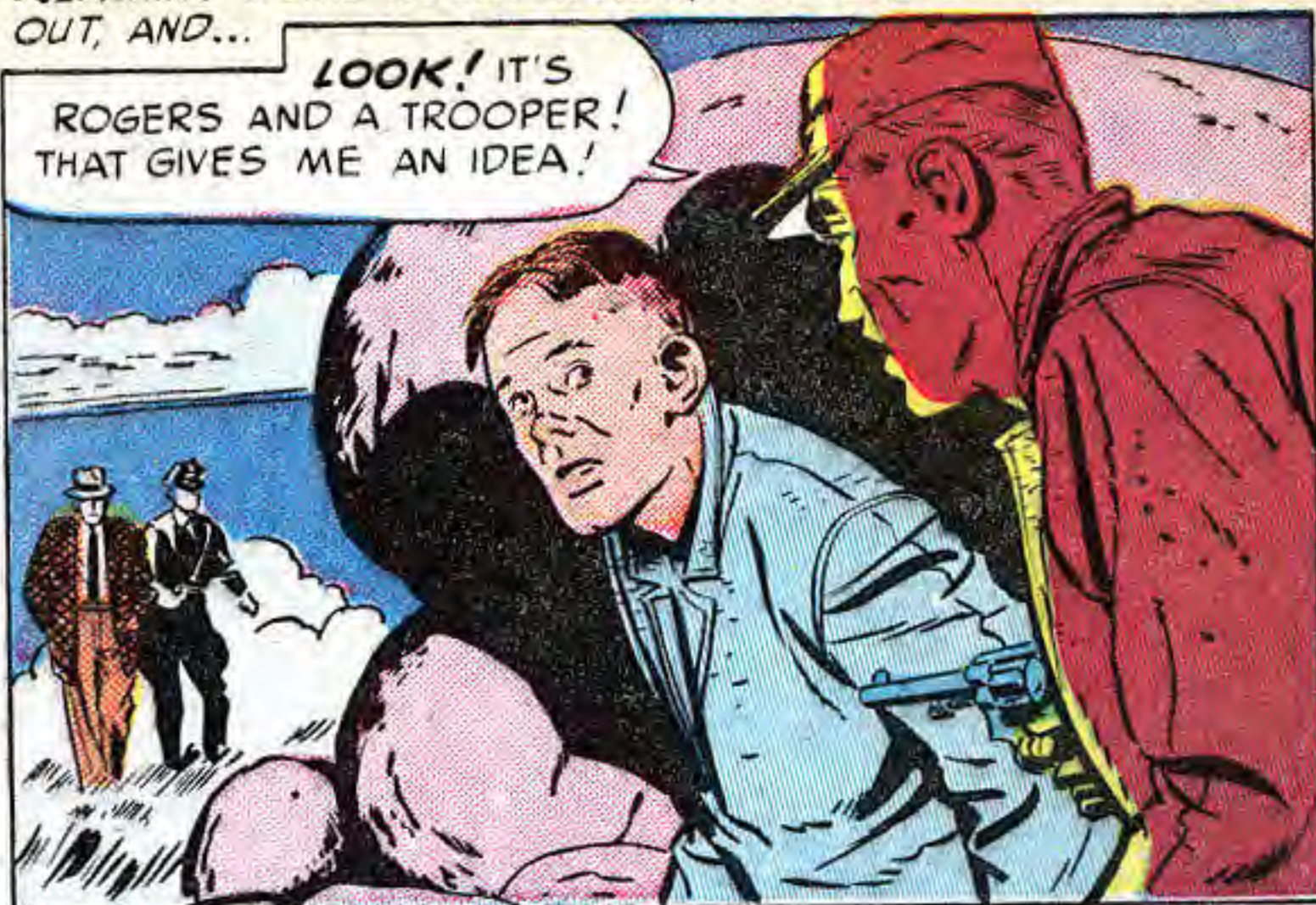




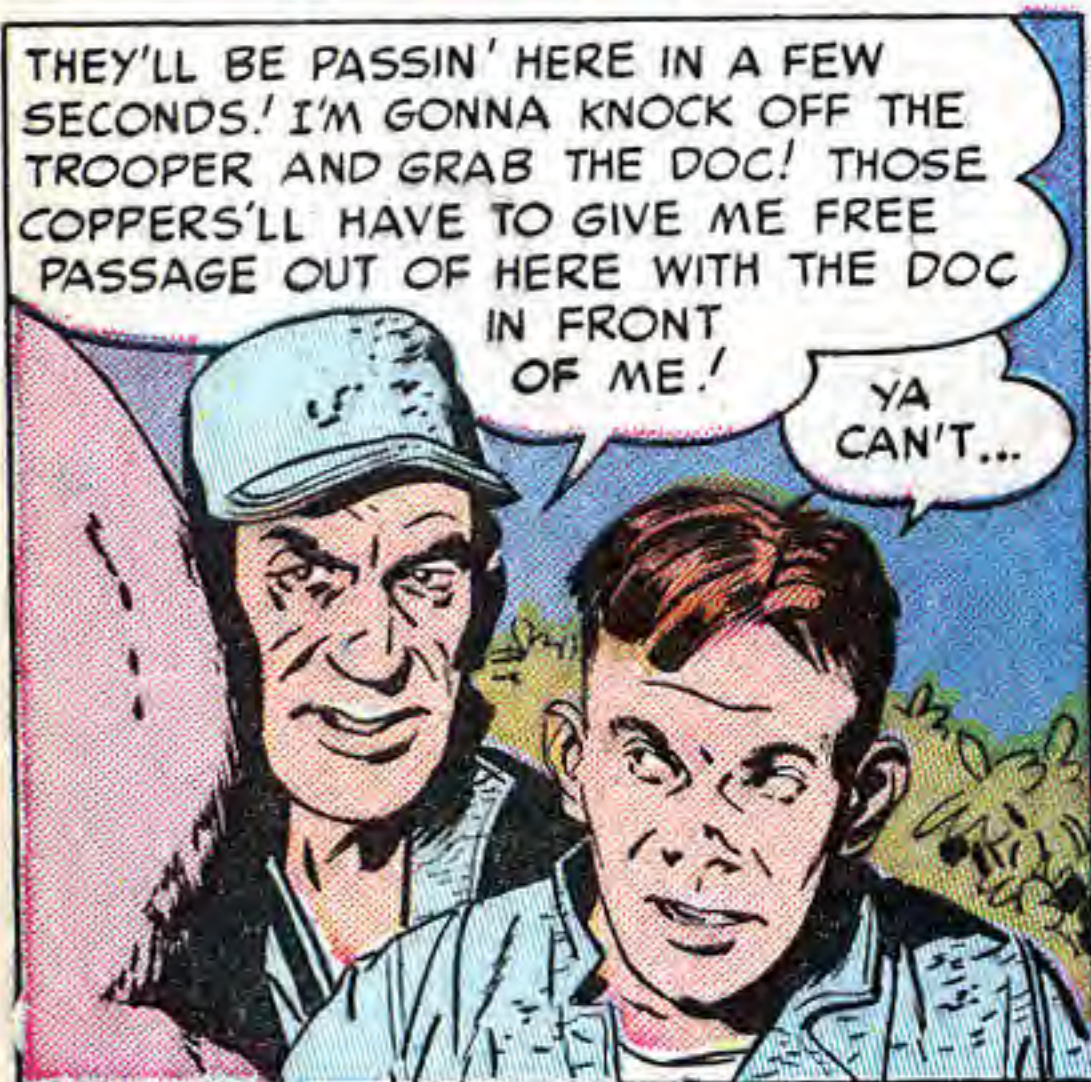


I'M NOT SLOWIN' DOWN FOR ANYONE! NOW HEAD FOR THOSE ROCKS OVER THERE, OR YOU'LL BE KEEPIN' SLATER COMPANY!

REACHING SOME ROCKY COVER, MIKE CAUTIOUSLY PEERS OUT, AND...



LOOK! IT'S ROGERS AND A TROOPER! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



THEY'LL BE PASSIN' HERE IN A FEW SECONDS! I'M GONNA KNOCK OFF THE TROOPER AND GRAB THE DOC! THOSE COPPERS'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME FREE PASSAGE OUT OF HERE WITH THE DOC IN FRONT OF ME!

YA CAN'T...

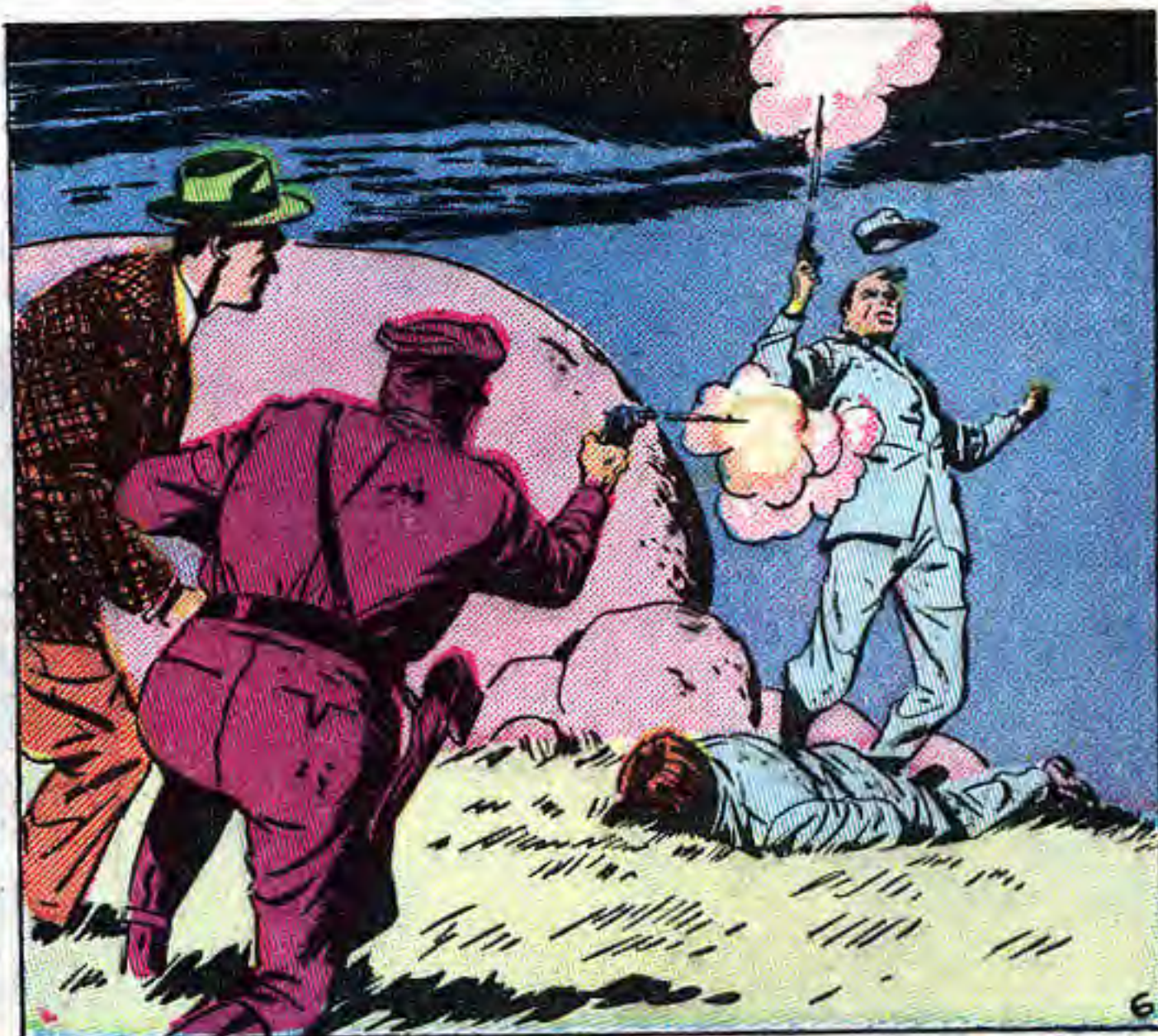


WHO SAYS I CAN'T? HERE THEY COME NOW! AN' YOU BETTER KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT!



DOC! LOOK OUT... OHHH!

YA DIRTY...



EDDIE'S STILL ALIVE! GET AN AMBULANCE RIGHT AWAY!

YES, SIR!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER IN THE HOSPITAL WARD AT STATE PENITENTIARY...

I DIDN'T CROSS YA, DOC! YOU'RE THE ONLY FRIEND I'VE EVER HAD! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE HIDING IN THE TRUCK! WHEN THEY SLUGGED ME COLD I...



RELAX, EDDIE! SLATER WAS BROUGHT BACK, AND HE CLEARED YOU COMPLETELY! NOW TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP!



EDDIE'S ALL RIGHT! HE'LL LIVE.

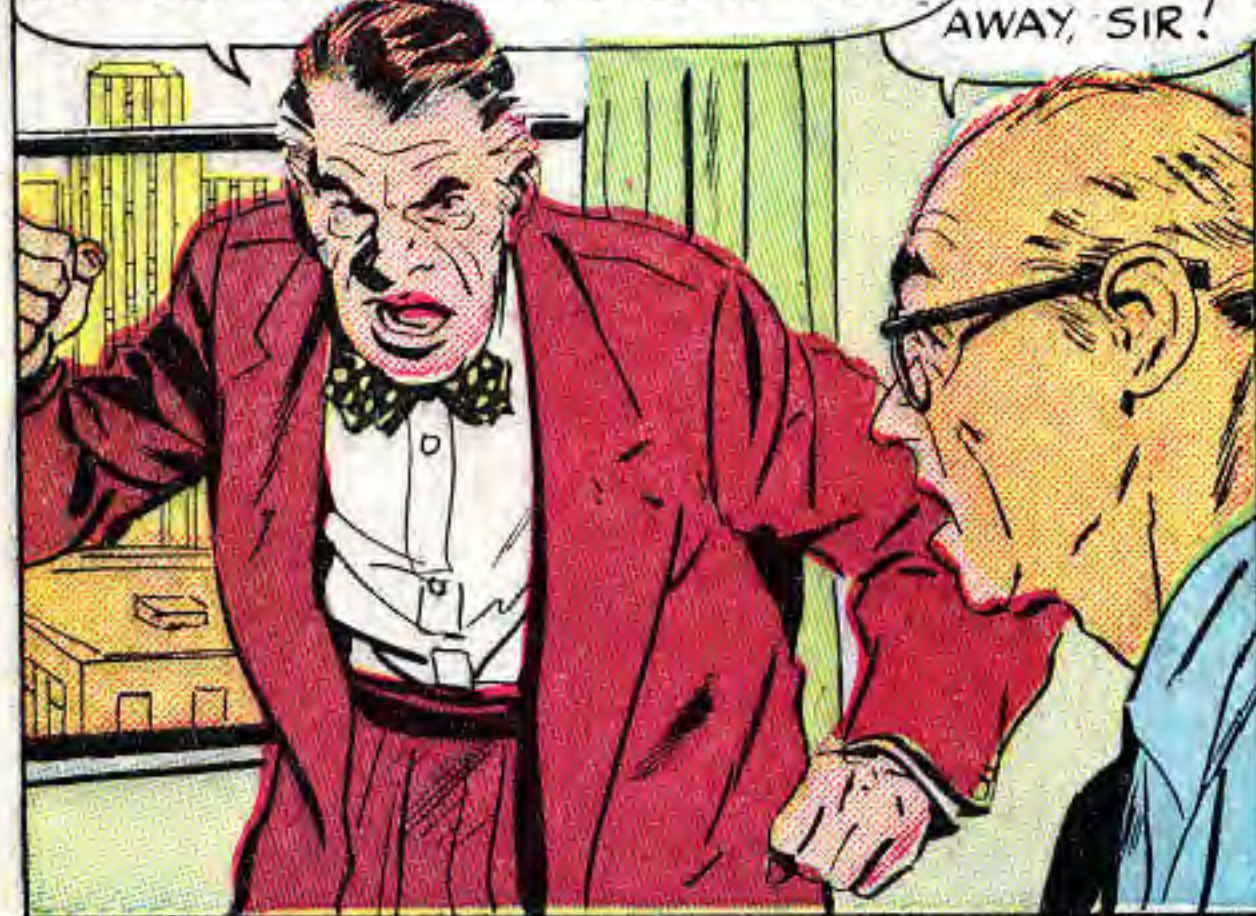
IT'S BEEN TOUGH ON THE KID, ON ALL OF US FOR THAT MATTER! BUT AT LEAST THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE THE **REAL STORY** NOW!



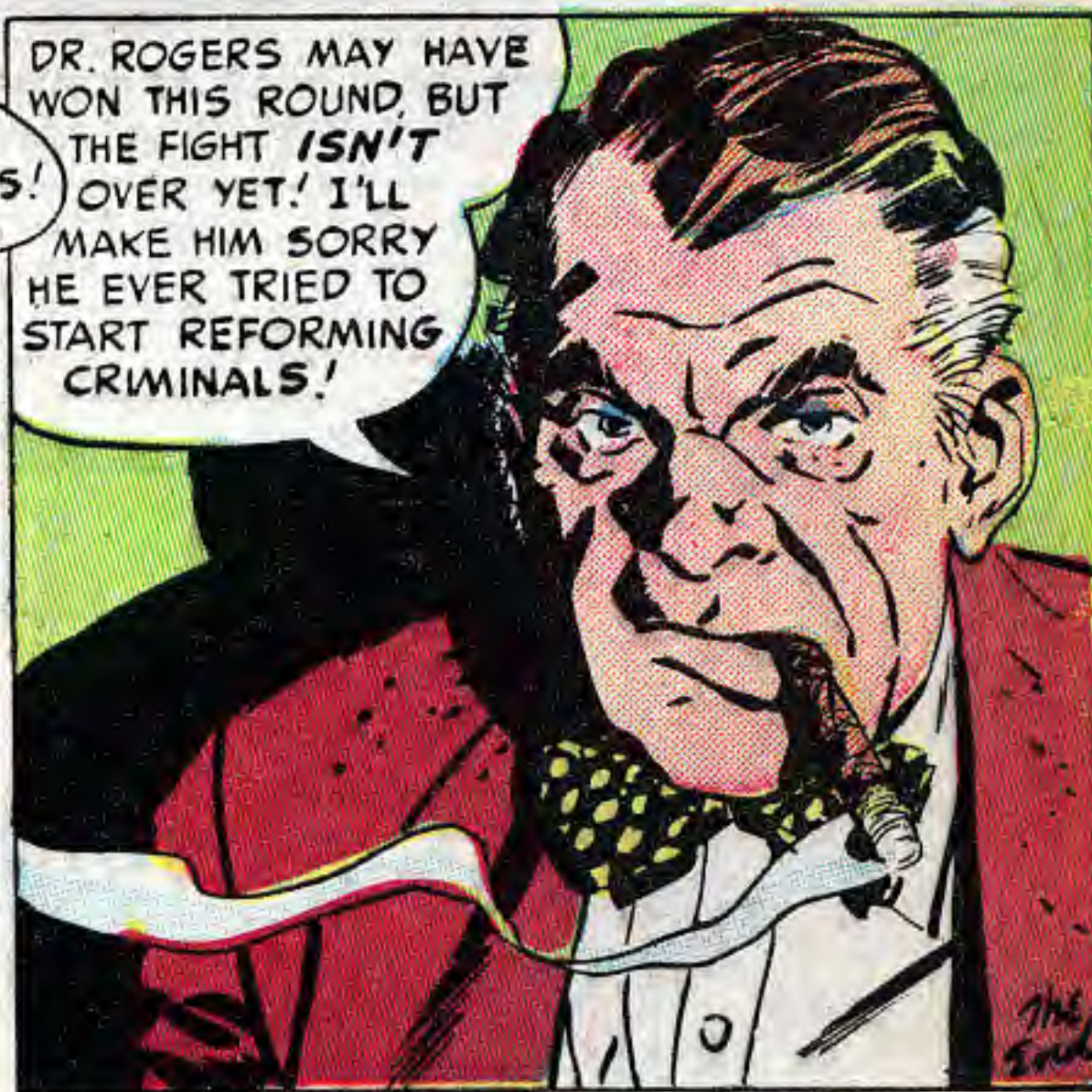
THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN ADAMS' OFFICE, AFTER THE STORY HITS THE STANDS...

I'VE HEARD THE NEWS, YOU FOOL! NOW GET OUT OF HERE... AND **STAY OUT!**

OF COURSE Y-YES, MR. ADAMS! R-RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



DR. ROGERS MAY HAVE WON THIS ROUND, BUT THE FIGHT **ISN'T** OVER YET! I'LL MAKE HIM SORRY HE EVER TRIED TO START REFORMING CRIMINALS!



THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS

in **"THE HAUNTING CURE!"**



"MEN WHO BREAK THE LAW COME FROM EVERY WALK OF LIFE. EACH HAS HIS OWN REASON FOR SINKING INTO CRIME, AND THEIR STORIES ARE ALWAYS INVOLVED AND SOMETIMES UNACCOUNTABLY STRANGE. LARRY BAKER'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR OFFERED A STARTLING CHALLENGE AS I TRIED TO EFFECT... 'THE CURE!'"



THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME HERE, DOC, BUT THEY WON'T GET ME! LET ME AT 'EM! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

LISTEN TO ME, LARRY! THE THINGS YOU SEE DON'T EVEN EXIST!

"OUR STORY STARTS IN THE SHOE SHOP AT STATE PENITENTIARY. A GUARD STOPS BRIEFLY AT LARRY BAKER'S MACHINE..."



LARRY! THE BOARD OKAYED YOUR PAROLE! REPORT TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE RIGHT AFTER THIS SHIFT!

GOOD NEWS,

OKAY, FRED, I'LL BE THERE!



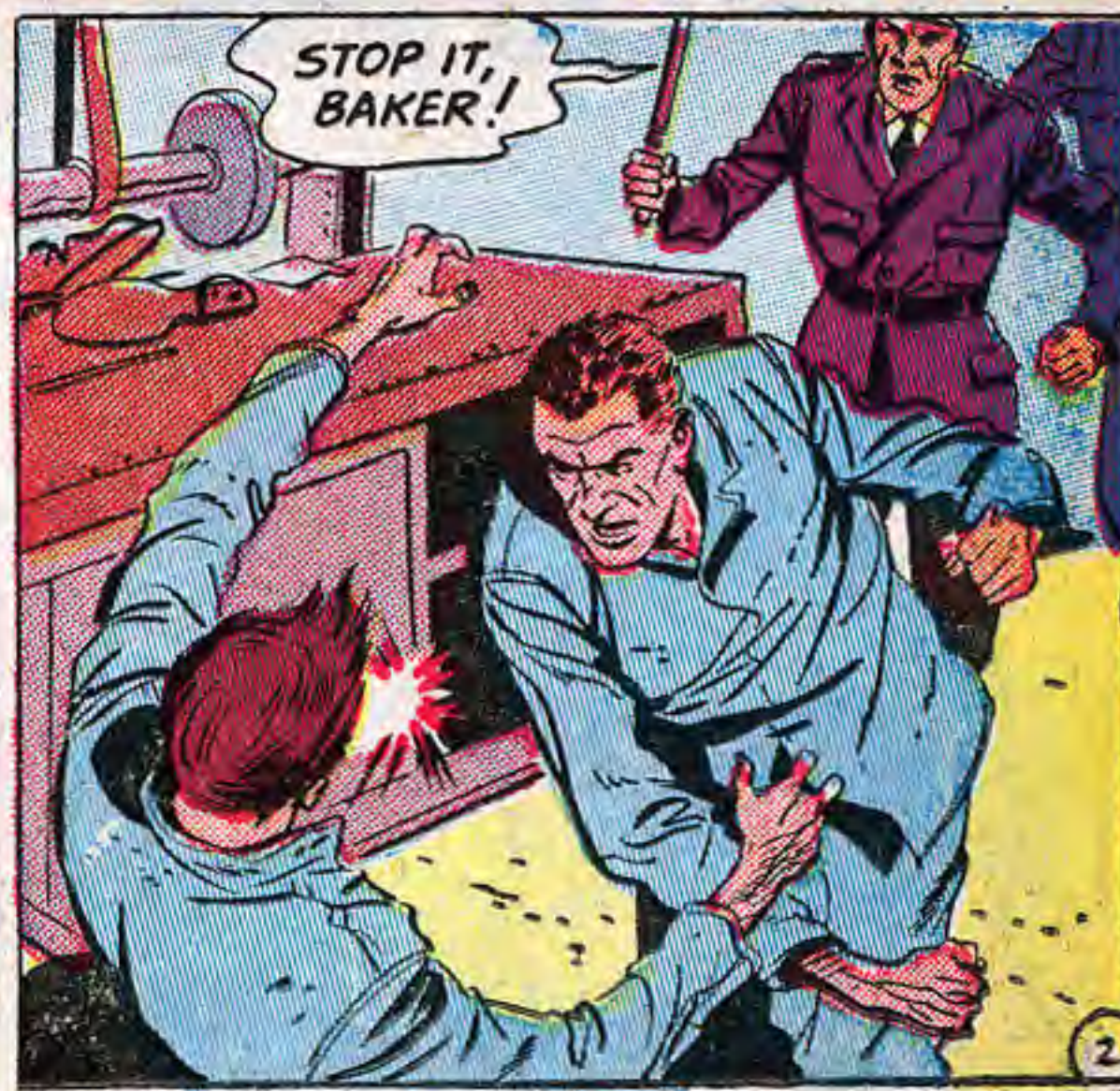
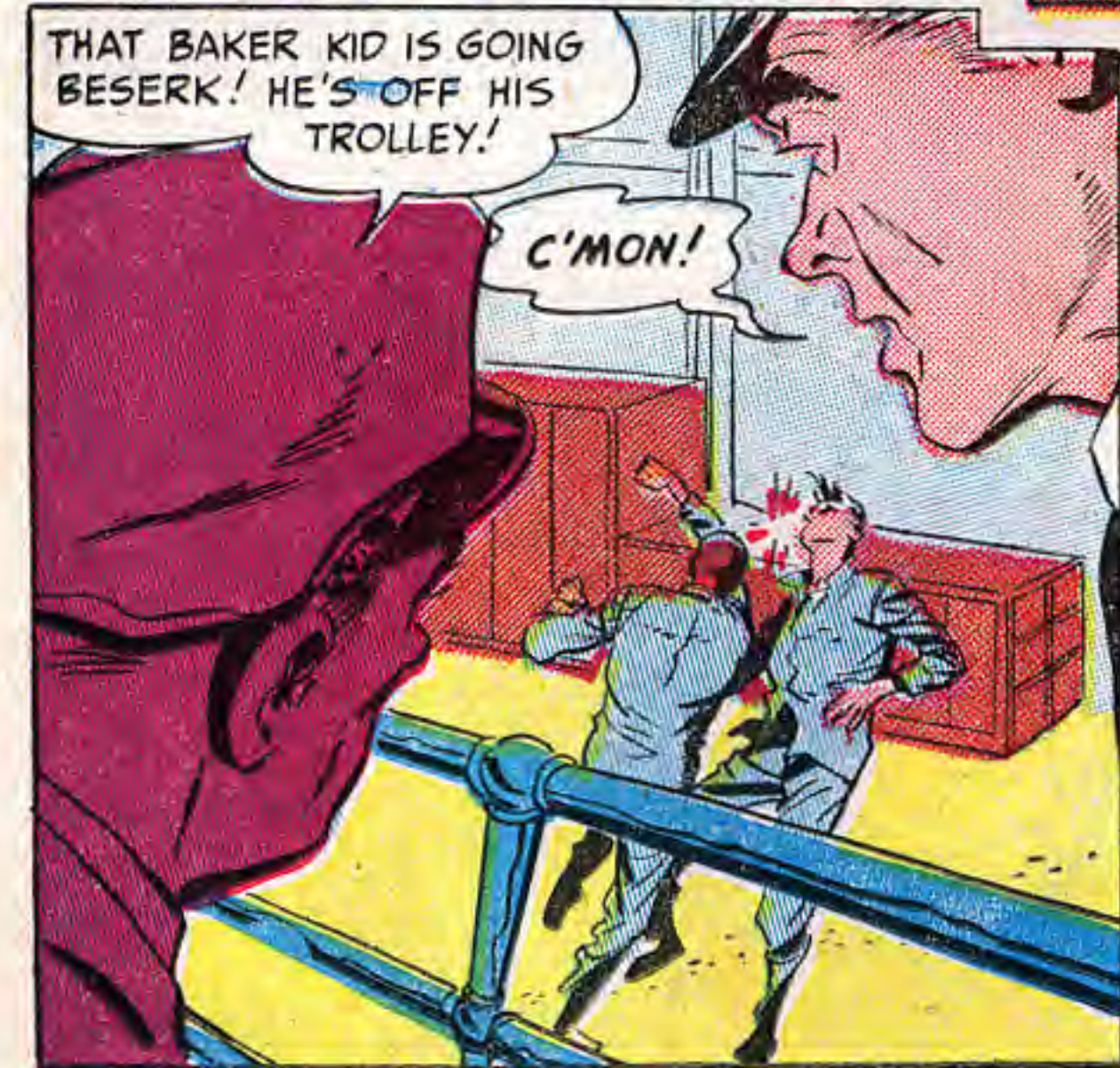
SAY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, ANYWAY? YOU SHOULD BE SPORTIN' A SMILE A MILE LONG!

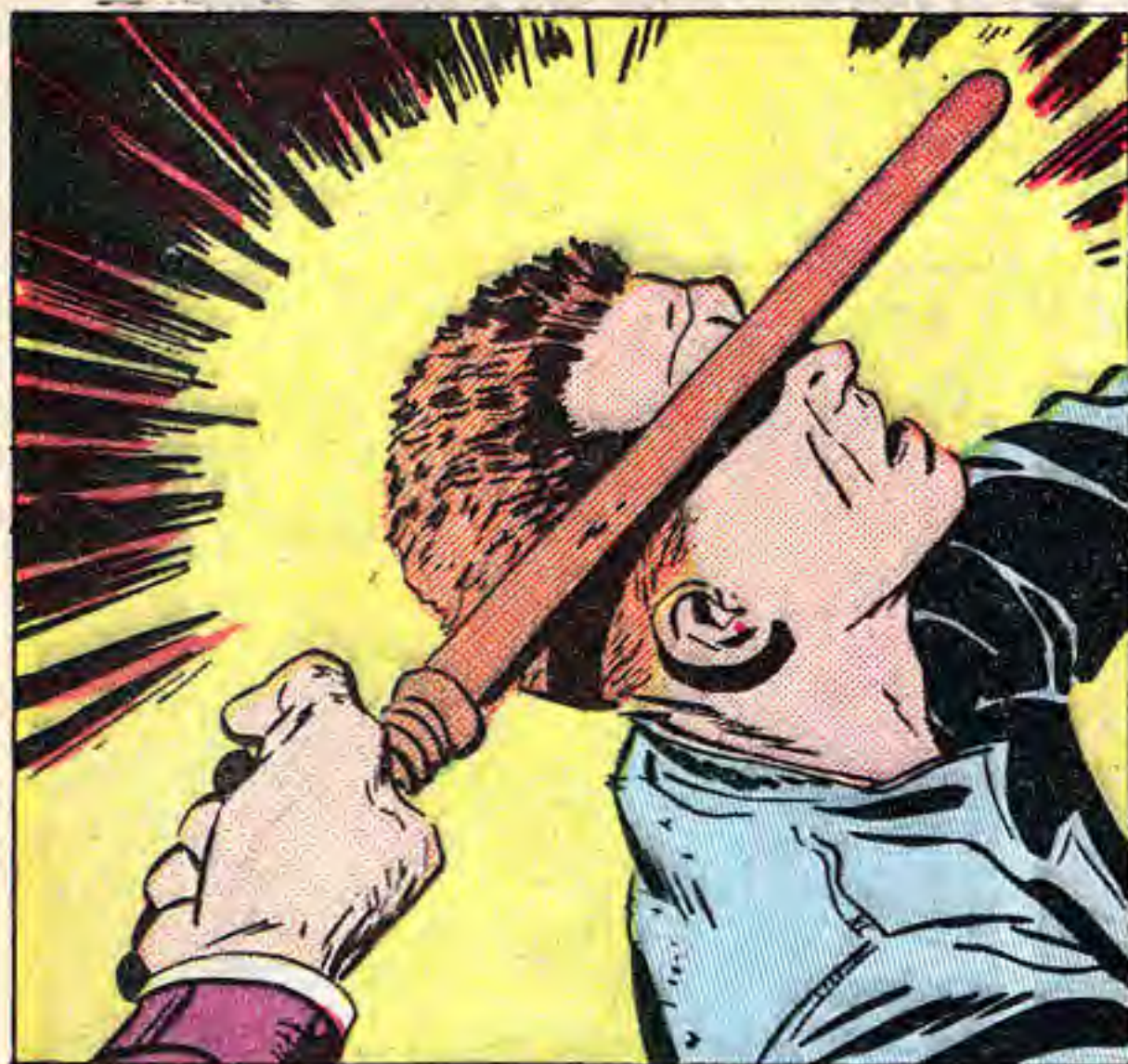
I SAID I'D BE THERE, DIDN'T I?

"AS THE PUZZLED GUARD WALKED OFF, ANOTHER SCENE TOOK PLACE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SHOP..."



"AT THE SOUND OF THE STRUGGLE, LARRY GLANCED UP FROM HIS MACHINE, AND..."





"A SHORT WHILE LATER, LARRY WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE WARDEN. I WATCHED THE SCENE CLOSELY..."



YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO GIVE ME AN ANSWER LIKE THAT! DO YOU REALIZE THAT THIS WILL COST YOU YOUR PAROLE? TELL ME, BAKER, WHAT WENT ON BETWEEN YOU AND MIKE?

LIKE I SAID, WARDEN... I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT!



I'VE DONE THE BEST I CAN, BAKER! BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU IF YOU'RE UNWILLING TO HELP YOURSELF! TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS CELL, FARLEY!

ALL RIGHT, BAKER! LET'S GO!



WHAT DO YOU THINK, DR. ROGERS? I CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAILS OUT OF IT?

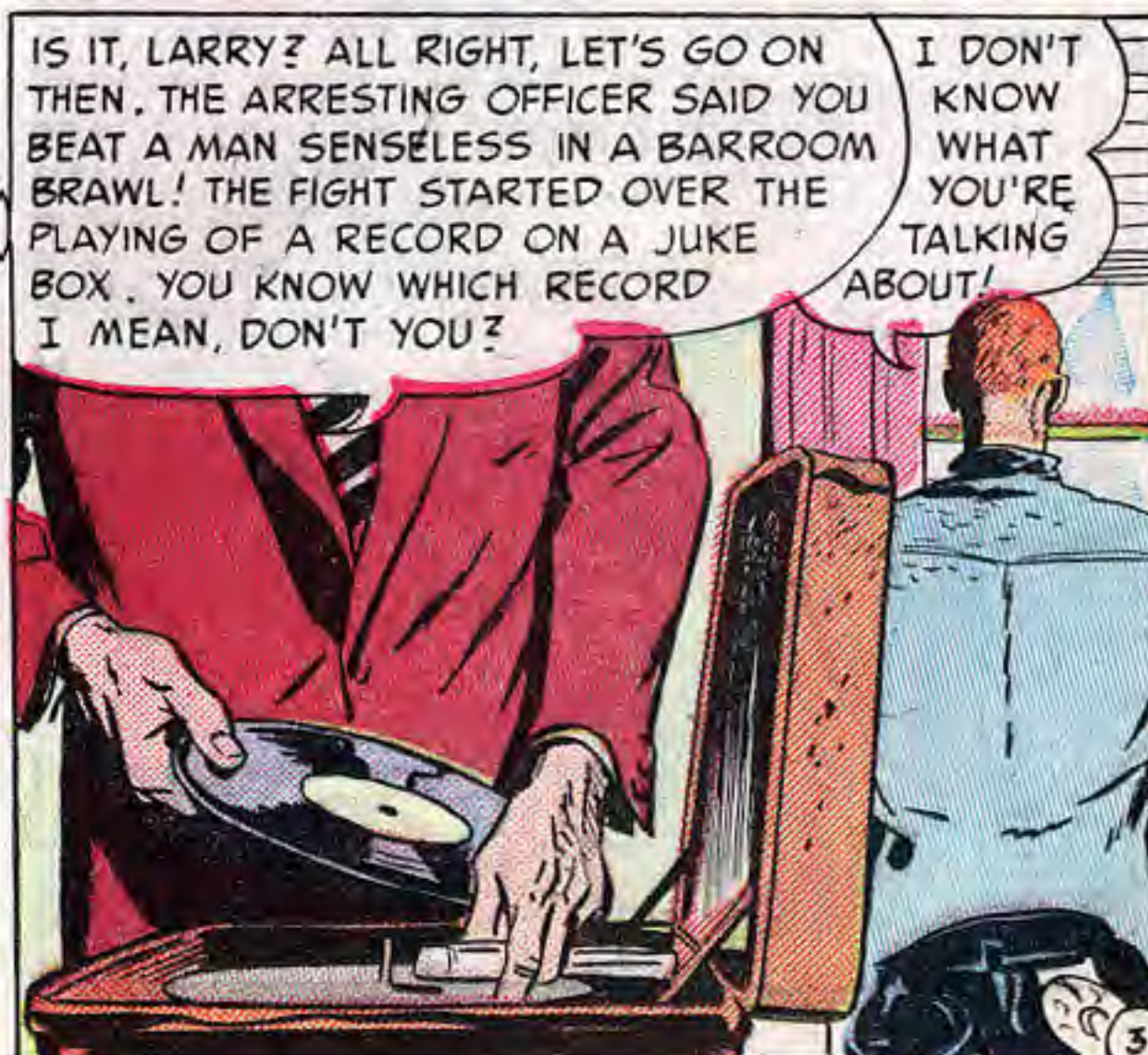
IT'S A PUZZLER, ALL RIGHT, BUT IT'S MY GUESS IT GOES A LOT DEEPER THAN JUST A GRUDGE FIGHT BETWEEN PRISONERS! SOMETHING'S REALLY BOTHERING THAT BOY, AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

"TWO DAYS LATER I SENT FOR LARRY BAKER..."



I'VE BEEN GOING OVER YOUR RECORD, LARRY. IT LOOKS PRETTY GOOD... THIRTY-EIGHT MONTHS IN THE ARMY DURING WORLD WAR II, AND TWENTY-EIGHT IN THE PACIFIC! HONORABLE DISCHARGE IN '45, AND THREE MONTHS LATER YOU END UP **HERE!** HOW COME?

YOU CAN READ, DOC! IT'S ALL THERE, ISN'T IT?

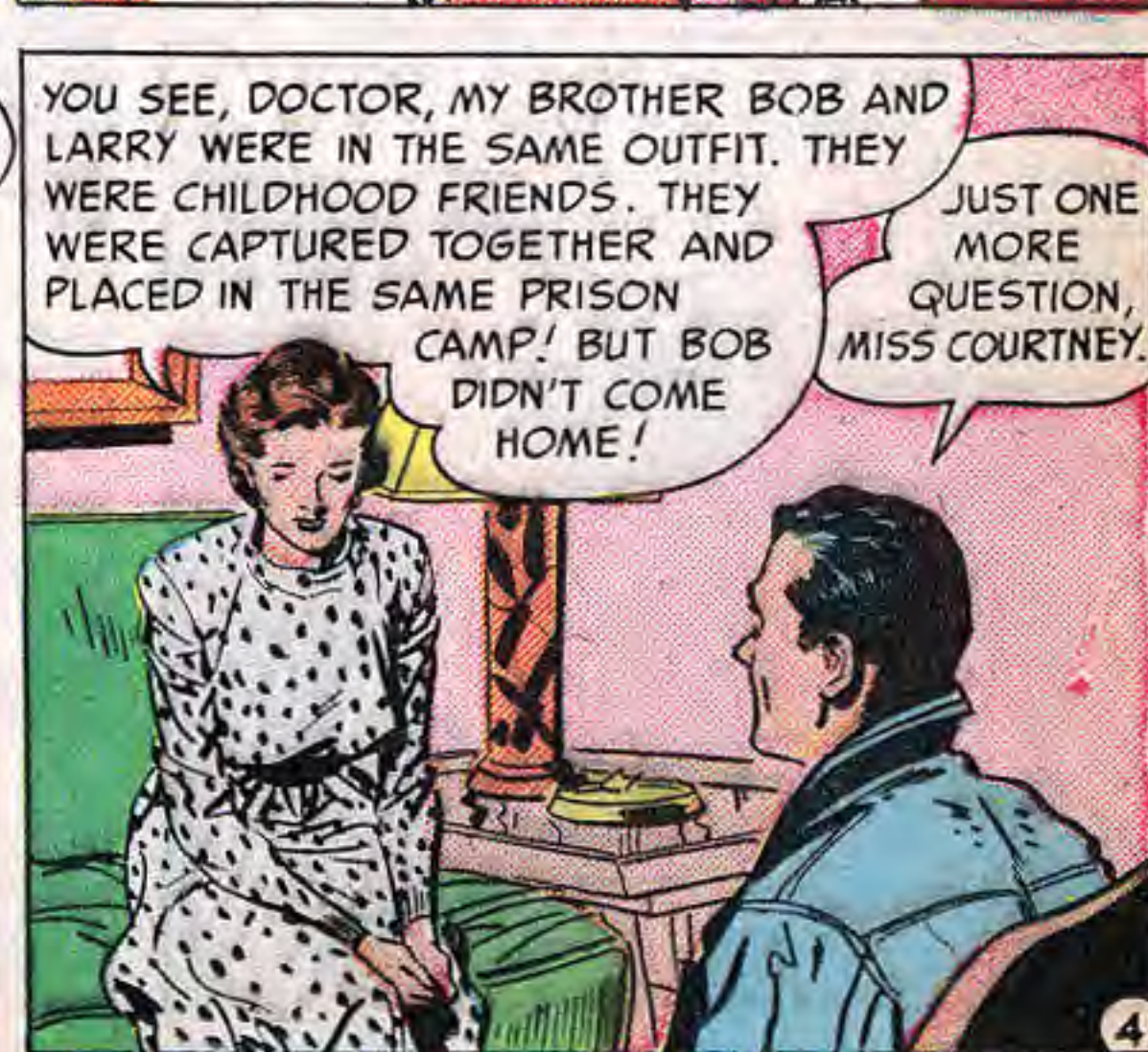
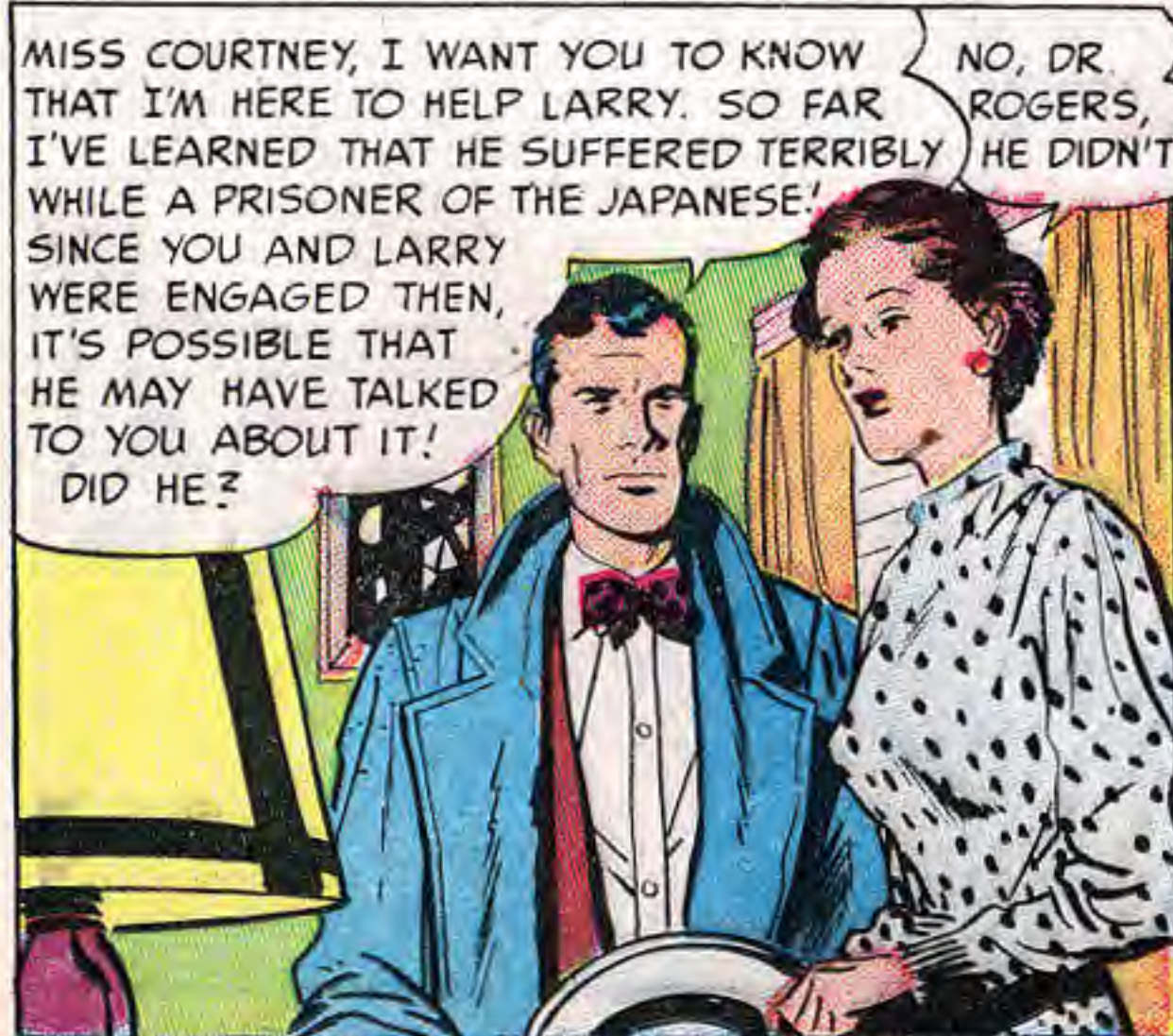


IS IT, LARRY? ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO ON THEN. THE ARRESTING OFFICER SAID YOU BEAT A MAN SENSELESS IN A BARROOM BRAWL! THE FIGHT STARTED OVER THE PLAYING OF A RECORD ON A JUKE BOX. YOU KNOW WHICH RECORD I MEAN, DON'T YOU?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



"I CAREFULLY CHECKED MY LEADS. THEN, TWO WEEKS LATER IN THE HOME OF ELLEN COURTNEY..."





DOES THE SONG "I'LL BE SEEING YOU" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

WHY, YES! THAT WAS BOB'S FAVORITE SONG! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



DON'T TRY TO UNDERSTAND NOW—JUST LISTEN! I'M CONVINCED THAT LARRY'S SUFFERING BECAUSE HE'S TRYING TO BURY SOMETHING FROM THE PAST... SOMETHING THAT TORMENTS HIM! AND WHEN HE DOES RECALL—THAT'S WHEN HE BECOMES VIOLENT!

BUT WHAT IS THIS MEMORY OUT OF THE PAST, DOCTOR?



THAT'S SOMETHING I CAN ONLY GUESS AT, BUT LARRY KNOWS! WE HAVE TO USE WHAT IS KNOWN AS PSYCHOTHERAPEUTIC TREATMENT TO GET IT FROM HIM! I DOUBT WHETHER HE'LL DO IT FOR ME, BUT HE MIGHT DO IT FOR YOU, ELLEN!

THEN LET ME SPEAK TO HIM, DR. ROGERS! I'LL DO ANYTHING TO HELP HIM!



GOOD GIRL! I'LL ARRANGE TO HAVE YOU SEE HIM IN A FEW DAYS! IF THINGS GO WELL, WE CAN PERFORM THE EXPERIMENT WITHIN A WEEK!

OH, THANK YOU! I'LL DO MY BEST, DOCTOR!

"HELEN SPOKE TO LARRY, AND A WEEK LATER IN MY OFFICE..."

I'M ONLY DOING THIS BECAUSE ELLEN WANTS ME TO, DOC! NOW LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!

LIE BACK AND ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU AN INJECTION OF WHAT IS CALLED "TRUTH" SERUM. ACTUALLY IT'S ONLY TO MAKE YOU RELAX!



"A SHORT WHILE LATER..."



IT'S BEGINNING TO TAKE EFFECT! I HOPE IT WORKS ON HIM!

HIS LIPS ARE MOVING, DOCTOR! HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!



FOR THREE DAYS THEY KEPT US ON A FORCED MARCH... NO FOOD... AND HARDLY ANY WATER! WE WERE HEADED FOR TAGASKI PRISON CAMP, AND BOB WAS RIGHT ALONGSIDE ME... POOPED OUT, BUT BEARING UP...

"WE ARRIVED ON THE FOURTH DAY. BOB AND I WERE SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE JAP COMMANDANT..."



"THEN THEY STRIPPED HIM TO THE WAIST AND STRUNG HIM FROM A BEAM. I COULDN'T DO A THING... I WAS HELPLESS..."





I'M COMING, BOB! I'M... WHERE AM I?
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, LARRY! IT'S ALL OVER!



BUT DON'T YOU SEE, ELLEN? I KILLED BOB! IF I'D TALKED HE COULD'VE LIVED!
YOU WEREN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR BOB'S DEATH! YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME FOR IT, LARRY!

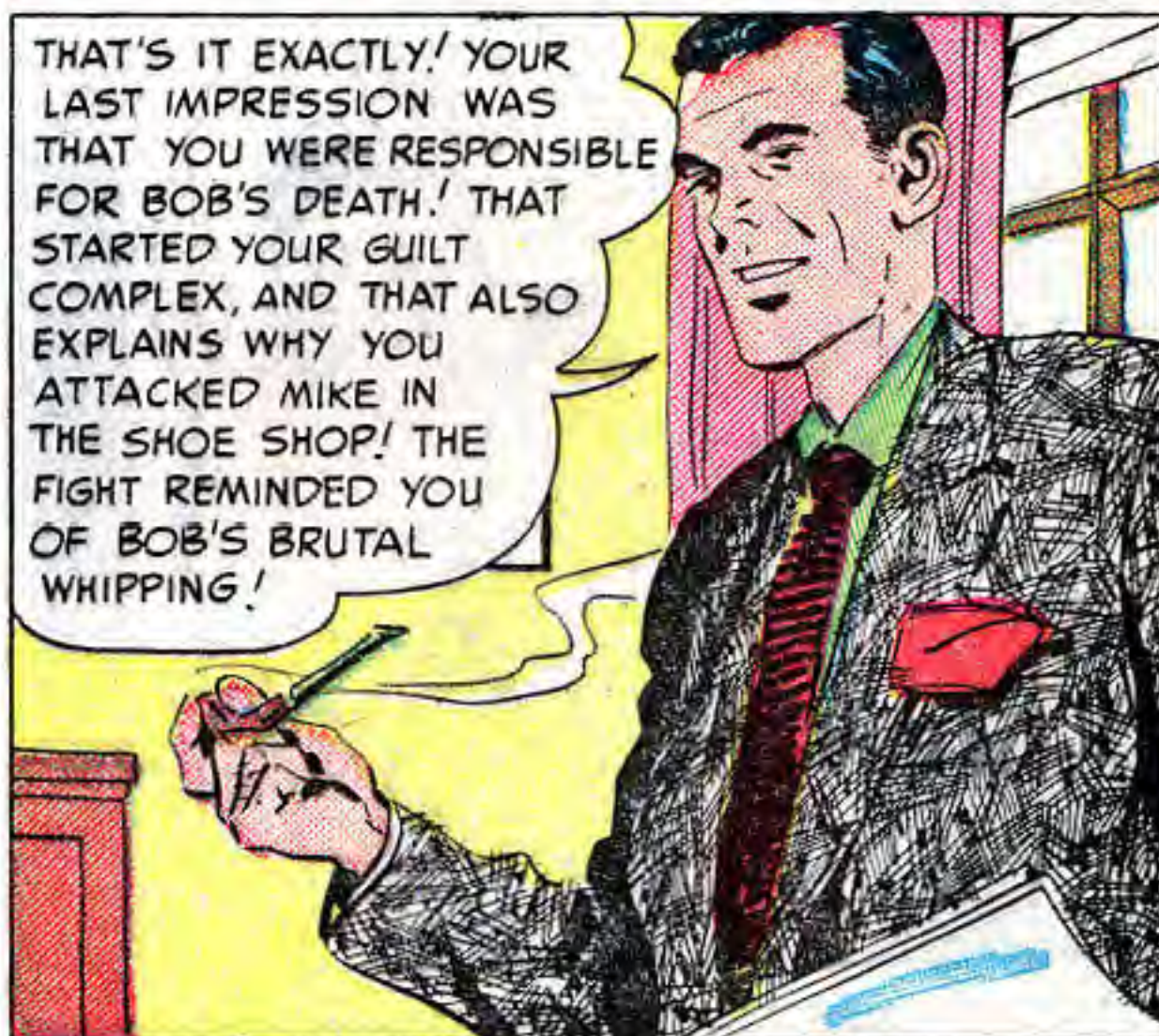


ELLEN'S RIGHT, LARRY! YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH BOB'S DEATH - AND I CAN PROVE IT!
BUT THEY KILLED HIM BECAUSE I WOULDN'T TALK! THEY KILLED HIM... THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED!

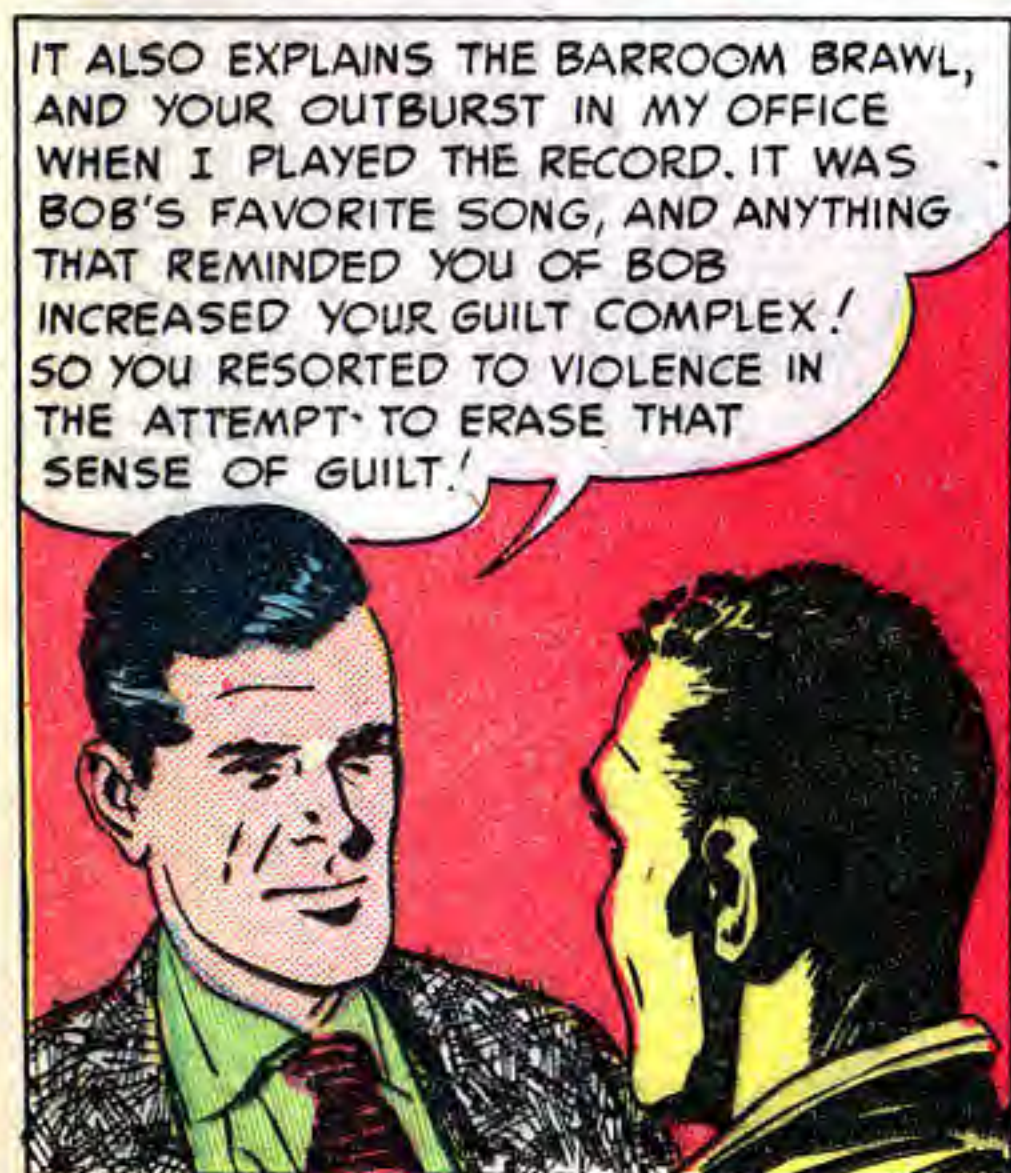


THAT'S WHAT YOU THOUGHT ALL ALONG, BUT I HAVE A REPORT FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT THAT PROVES YOU'RE WRONG! CAPTURED JAP PAPERS AT CAMP TAGASKI LISTED BOB AS KILLED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE! THE DATE WAS **NOT** WHEN YOU WERE INTERROGATED, BUT TWO MONTHS AFTER YOUR CAPTURE!

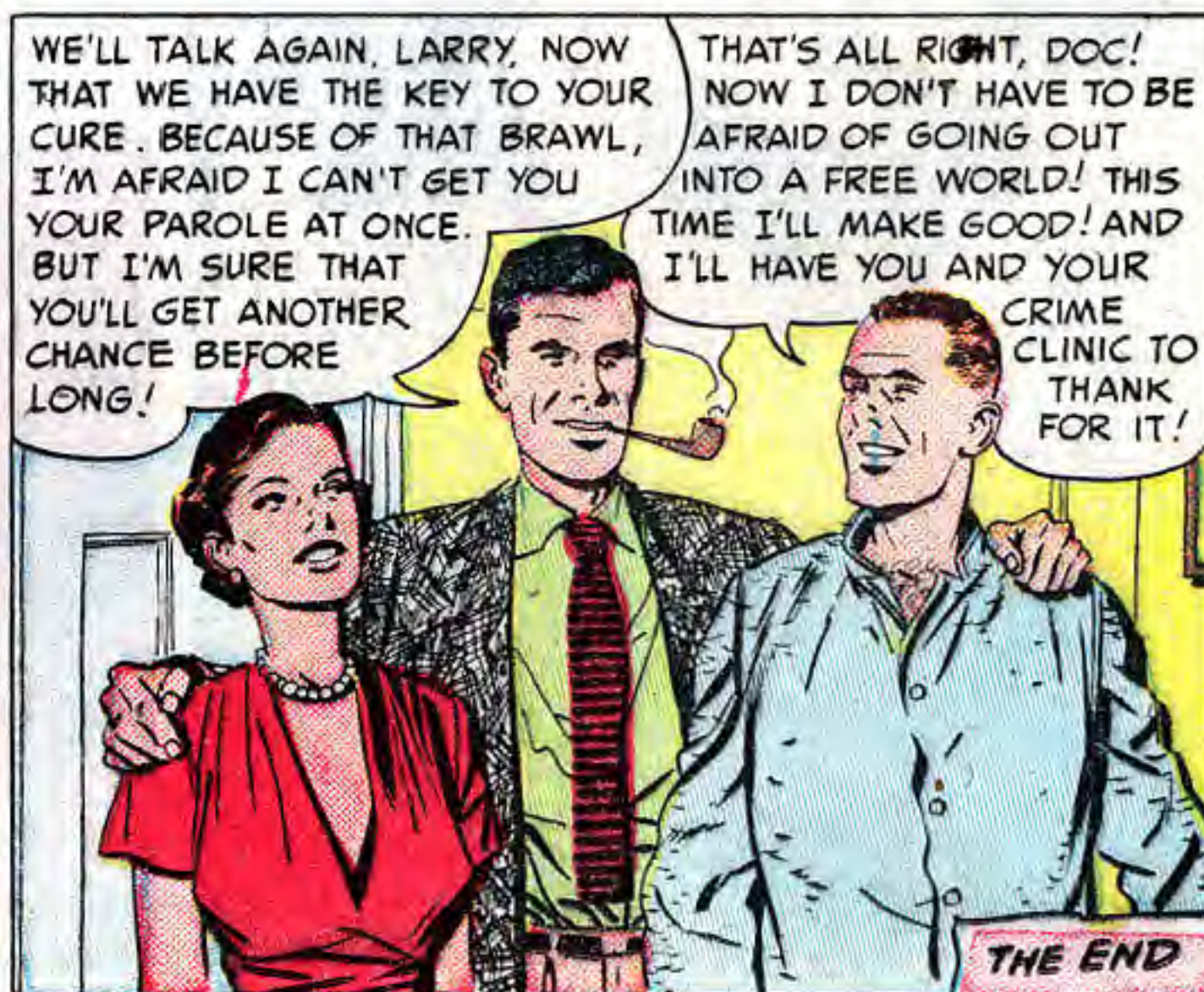
AND I WAS IN SOLITARY ALL THAT TIME! THEN HE DIDN'T DIE BECAUSE I DIDN'T TALK!



THAT'S IT EXACTLY! YOUR LAST IMPRESSION WAS THAT YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR BOB'S DEATH! THAT STARTED YOUR GUILT COMPLEX, AND THAT ALSO EXPLAINS WHY YOU ATTACKED MIKE IN THE SHOE SHOP! THE FIGHT REMINDED YOU OF BOB'S BRUTAL WHIPPING!



IT ALSO EXPLAINS THE BARROOM BRAWL, AND YOUR OUTBURST IN MY OFFICE WHEN I PLAYED THE RECORD. IT WAS BOB'S FAVORITE SONG, AND ANYTHING THAT REMINDED YOU OF BOB INCREASED YOUR GUILT COMPLEX! SO YOU RESORTED TO VIOLENCE IN THE ATTEMPT TO ERASE THAT SENSE OF GUILT!



WE'LL TALK AGAIN, LARRY, NOW THAT WE HAVE THE KEY TO YOUR CURE. BECAUSE OF THAT BRAWL, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GET YOU YOUR PAROLE AT ONCE. BUT I'M SURE THAT YOU'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE BEFORE LONG!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DOC! NOW I DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF GOING OUT INTO A FREE WORLD! THIS TIME I'LL MAKE GOOD! AND I'LL HAVE YOU AND YOUR CRIME CLINIC TO THANK FOR IT!

THE END

Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

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★ **A TRUE STORY** ★

PUBLIC ENEMY

THE CRIMINAL ALWAYS LOSES

BENNY threw a dime on the lunch counter, carefully wiped his mouth with the paper napkin, adjusted his tie and headed for the door. It was too quiet in there, and it got on Benny's nerves. A lot of things bothered Benny these days. He was tired of being hunted, but that was the penalty for being Public Enemy No. 1. You'd never know it by looking at him; that was the mistake everyone made. Benny didn't look like a badman.

As he slammed the diner door behind him Benny wasn't thinking of banks or horses or crap games. He wasn't Vincent Coll, or John Dillinger or Machine Gun Kelly—this was Benny, whose mind was just as likely as not occupied with Milton, Keats and Shakespeare.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by a voice that seemed to call to him from out of the night. "All right, Benny, throw up your hands! We're federal agents and we're taking you in!"

Benny reached for his waist-band, and broke into a dead run.

Bripp-bripp—rat-tat-tat! The lead slugs ripped into Benny's hurtling body.

They rolled Benny's still form over, frisked his pockets, coldly, methodically, with no compassion. One of the agents arose with a piece of paper. He read aloud under the dim street light:

"In the eyes of man I am not just and should not live. But in your eyes, O Life, I see justification. You have taught me that my path is right, if I am true to you."

"That's Benny!" muttered the agent. "Good-looking, loved the finer things. Read Shakespeare, wrote prose, didn't drink or smoke—and yet he winds up like this!"

A few days later they lowered Benny into his final resting place. Only Professor Dickson was there. Professor Dickson knew Benny as well as anyone had known him through his early years, he'd taught him chemistry in high school. Professor James Dickson remembered that Benny had been a hero at the age of eight when he saved a young girl from drowning, and the Governor of the state had recommended him for a Carnegie Medal.

Benny had been the star pitcher on the school baseball team. A natural leader, he became the president of the Audubon Society. He could use his fists, too; there wasn't a better boxer in town. When he was sixteen great things were being predicted for him, that's why nobody believed he was guilty when he was picked up one night for hijacking a taxi-cab driver.

"What?" his family gasped, "Benny a common crook? They're mad!"

The star pitcher, boxer, bird-watcher and hero stood before the judge and sneered when the stern-faced justice pronounced, "Guilty as charged! You are hereby sentenced to two years at the state reformatory." And so, at seventeen, Public Enemy Number One got his start.

Benny proved to be the model prisoner. He was out seventeen months later. He was too smart to let a little mistake mess up his life. He left town, and the next they heard of him was via the newspapers that carried the story of his latest "heroic" deed.

About one o'clock on a summer afternoon Benny drifted into a bank in Stotesbury, Missouri, and invited the customers to do arm-stretching exercises while he relieved the cashiers of some eleven-hundred dollars.

A few days later, on his way to Topeka, Benny was apprehended by the law, and was sentenced to ten years at the State pen.

Benny seemed to change in prison. He worked hard, earned his high school diploma by correspondence, and impressed the warden with his family background. Benny was out in six years.

Back home the folks were waiting with open arms. And now Benny could start afresh. For a while it appeared that the folks had figured correctly, he might reform. Then Benny met Estelle, a sweet innocent girl, pretty enough to make any man's head turn. For Estelle's sake Benny decided to get a car and become a salesman. Down at the auto dealer's fate struck him another low blow. In the course of haggling over the car the dealer blurted out, "Ex-con!" Benny's reply was a smashing blow to the head. The kid had done it again.

Rather than stay and face an assault charge

Benny foolishly fled and headed west. A few weeks later, in answer to a letter from her lover, Estelle left home and rushed to California to join him. Upon her arrival, she and her hero were married and they started out on a honeymoon—and a strange honeymoon it proved to be. Their favorite pastime was target practice. This wisp of a girl could nick a playing card with a .38 at 150 feet.

For two weeks they kept at their game—or so the neighbors called it. Then the lovers headed for Elkton, South Dakota. There, one morning, they walked into the Corn Exchange bank. Benny sauntered over to the cashier and poked his .38 right between the other's eyes. "Here's a canvas bag," said Benny. "Please be good enough to fill it up!"

"B-b-but," stammered the cashier, "it's a time lock—it won't open for a half-hour!" "O.K.," retorted Benny, "we'll wait." And so he and Estelle sat down and calmly waited for the lock to click open. Ben wasn't worried about the depositors disturbing them, for sweet little Estelle was keeping them covered with a machine-gun. In that first haul they netted over \$2,000.

Two months later, and only twenty-five miles away in Brookings, they pulled the same stunt. There they brazenly waited almost two hours for the lock to open while dozens of depositors filed in. The haul was more than 40,000 dollars.

Now came perhaps the most brazen part of their entire careers. Benny and Estelle headed home to visit her parents! To their knowledge son-in-law Benny was a prosperous insurance salesman, and he certainly acted the part. The perfect gentleman. Wasn't Estelle fortunate? And Benny, who was supposed to be hiding from the police, boldly went to baseball games in Topeka, and even to the auto races with his brother-in-law.

But Benny was getting a little too bold. One evening the Topeka police, acting on a tip, swooped down on him. Still Benny's sixth sense was acute. Even as the police were knocking on the front door he was packing, ready to leave. As he threw the door open, four policemen blocked his path. "Drop those bags and reach, kid!"

Benny complied. He dropped his bags, sprang past the four officers, dashed around the corner, into a car and roared away as lead slugs poured after him. Benny escaped unscathed. Meanwhile, Estelle was making her own get-away into the woods. These two fleeing culprits neither knowing where the other was going, joined forces only a few days later. Yet they had had no pre-arranged plan!

A week later, as Estelle drove and Benny slept, a motorcycle policemen gave chase to them as they came roaring by, breaking all speed limits. Benny, awakened by the siren, took over. They shook the motorcycle, only to be picked up by a squad car. "Remember that target practice, baby? Well, put it to use."

Estelle reached into her purse, drew a .38, smashed out the rear window and blazed away at the pursuing car. BLAM! She fired into the tires and forced the squad car to crack up.

A short while later, Benny and Estelle shrewdly commandeered a farmer's car and, farmer and all, drove on to another farmhouse. Here they took a new car and added the second farmer as hostage. Then they flagged down a traveling salesman, and piled into his car; farmers, bandits and salesman. By these maneuvers Benny left a hard trail to trace. The farmers were able to help him evade the main roads, large towns, and were generally useful as hostages. Benny, always the gentleman, released all three, paying the farmers ten dollars each for fare home; he gave the salesman six dollars a day for the time he had lost. To top it off, Benny, in need of a hat, took the salesman's, and paid him five dollars. "I'm not a thief," said Benny.

For a while, the lovers disappeared. Then, one morning, a girl resembling Estelle was seen in a department store in East St. Louis. A few hours later Benny walked directly to the cashier, stuck his gun in her face and relieved her of the day's receipts. Estelle had done a good scouting job. But both Benny and Estelle had been *too* bold this time. For the local police had picked up Estelle's trail, and followed her that evening as she drove to meet Benny at the diner they had chosen for a rendezvous.

As Benny fell to the pavement under a hail of bullets Estelle attempted to make a getaway, but the police had no trouble picking her up. Benny's bride, who was becoming known as a second "Bonnie Parker," came before a judge for sentencing, a few miles away her husband was being lowered into his grave.

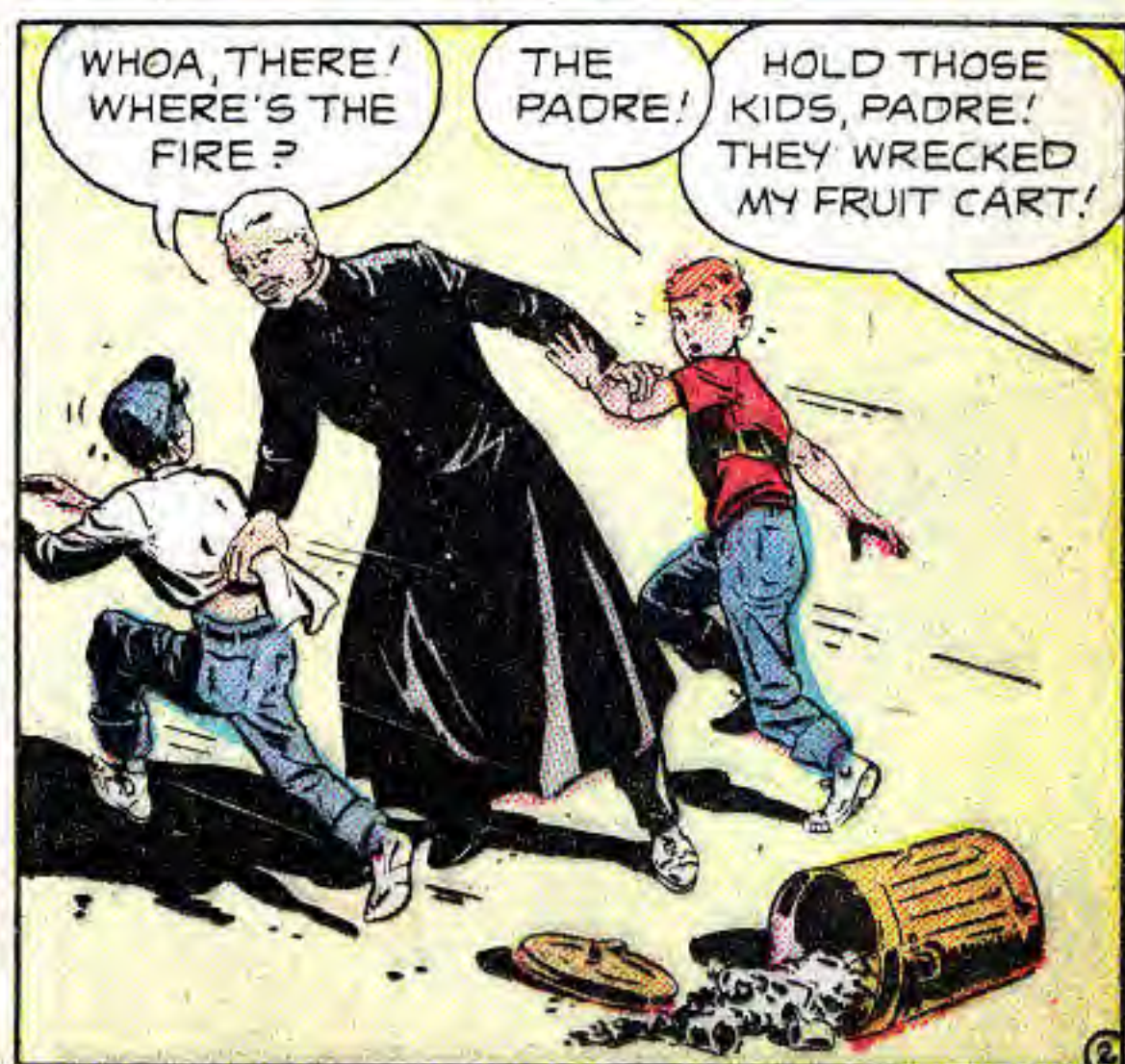
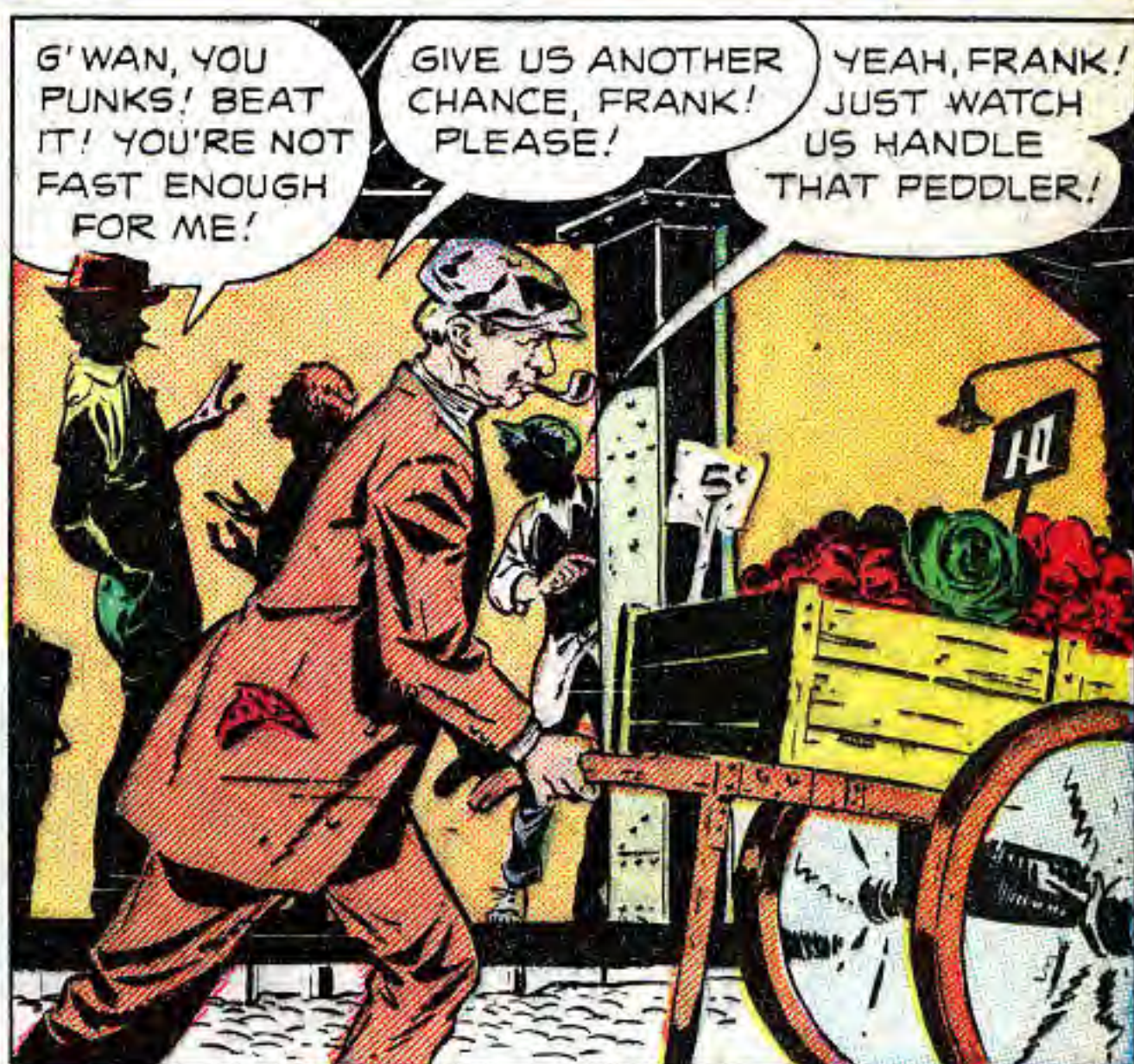
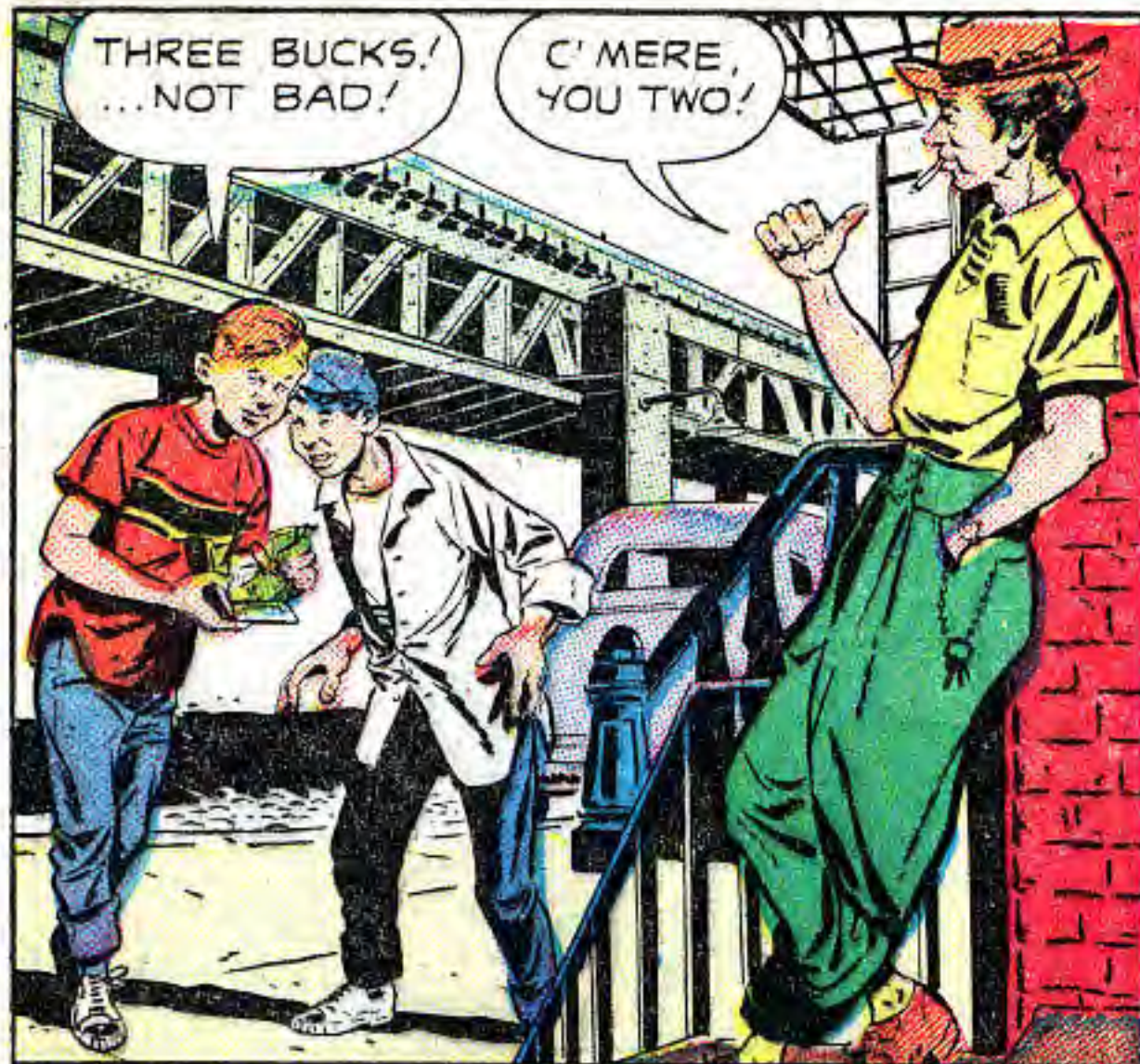
Professor Dickson took one last look at the boy he remembered as a neighborhood hero, poet and nature-lover—the boy he thought he had known so well. He took one last look at the simple gray stone on which was inscribed, "Benjamin Dickson." And Professor James Dickson took one last look at the final resting place of his son, shook his head sadly, and slowly walked off.

THE END

The PADRE in FEET of CLAY

EVERY BOY HAS HIS IDOL! HE MAY BE A STAR ATHLETE, A TWO-FISTED HOLLYWOOD WESTERN ACTOR OR A FAMOUS GENERAL. BUT SOME BOYS VEER AWAY FROM SUCH HEROES, AND ADMIRE THE BAD MEN, THE DILLINGERS AND THE BABY-FACE NELSONS. IN THIS CASE THE HERO WAS A HOOD NAMED FRANK PURDY, WHOM WE NOW SEE WITH TWO OF HIS "FANS," JOHNNY AND PETE







I'LL FIX YOU!
I'M CALLING
THE COPS!

WE DIDN'T
DO NOTHIN'
WRONG!

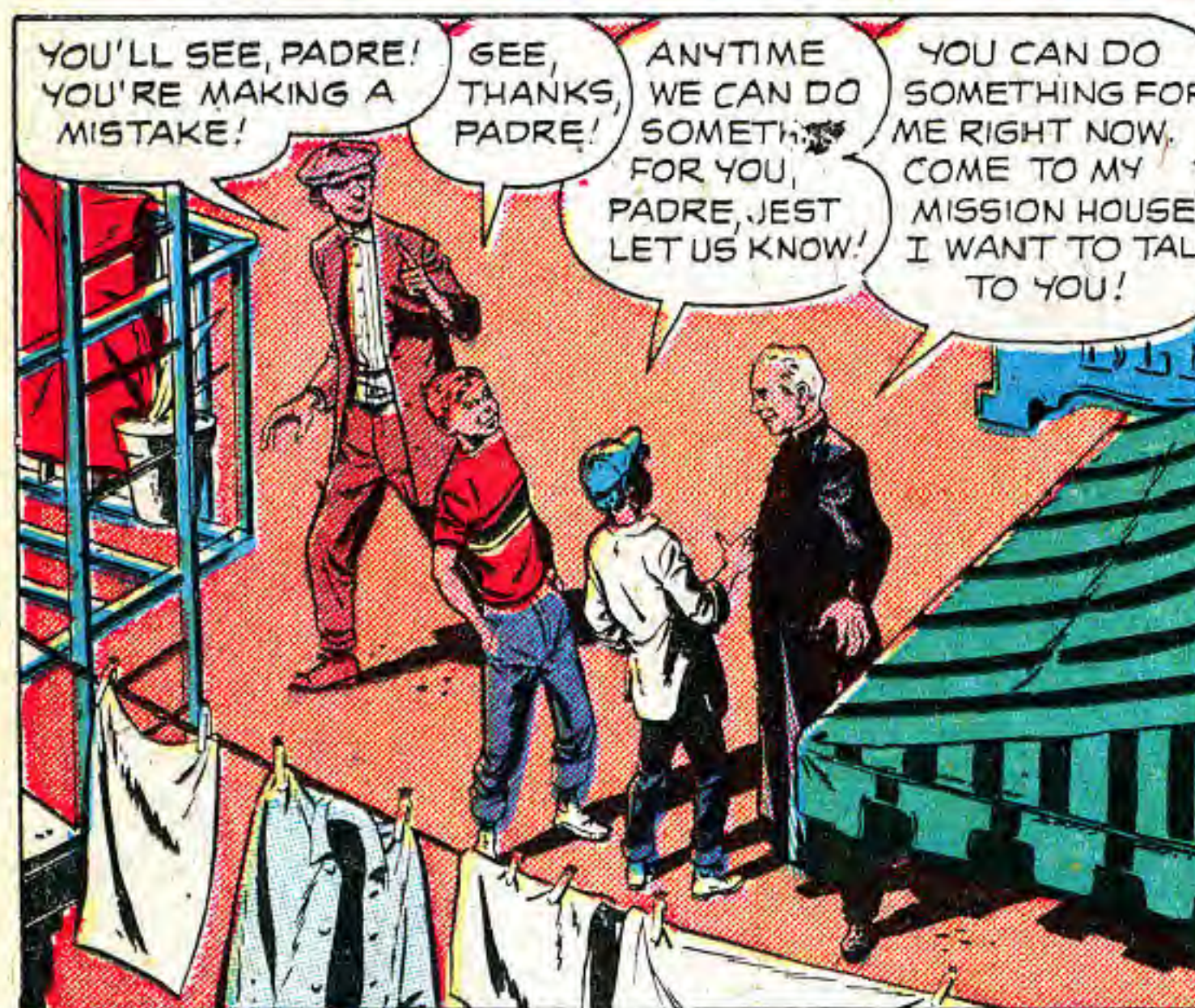
JUST
HAVING
SOME
FUN...

DON'T CALL
THE POLICE,
FRED. I'LL
MAKE GOOD
YOUR LOSS!



NO, PADRE, I WON'T TAKE MONEY
FROM YOU! BUT YOU'RE MAKING A
BIG MISTAKE! THESE
BOYS ARE NO GOOD!
THEY'RE
BAD!

THERE ARE
BAD INFLUENCE
FRED, BUT
NEVER BAD
BOYS!



YOU'LL SEE, PADRE!
YOU'RE MAKING A
MISTAKE!

SEE,
THANKS,
PADRE!

ANYTIME
WE CAN DO
SOMETHING
FOR YOU,
PADRE, JUST
LET US KNOW!

YOU CAN DO
SOMETHING FOR
ME RIGHT NOW.
COME TO MY
MISSION HOUSE.
I WANT TO TALK
TO YOU!

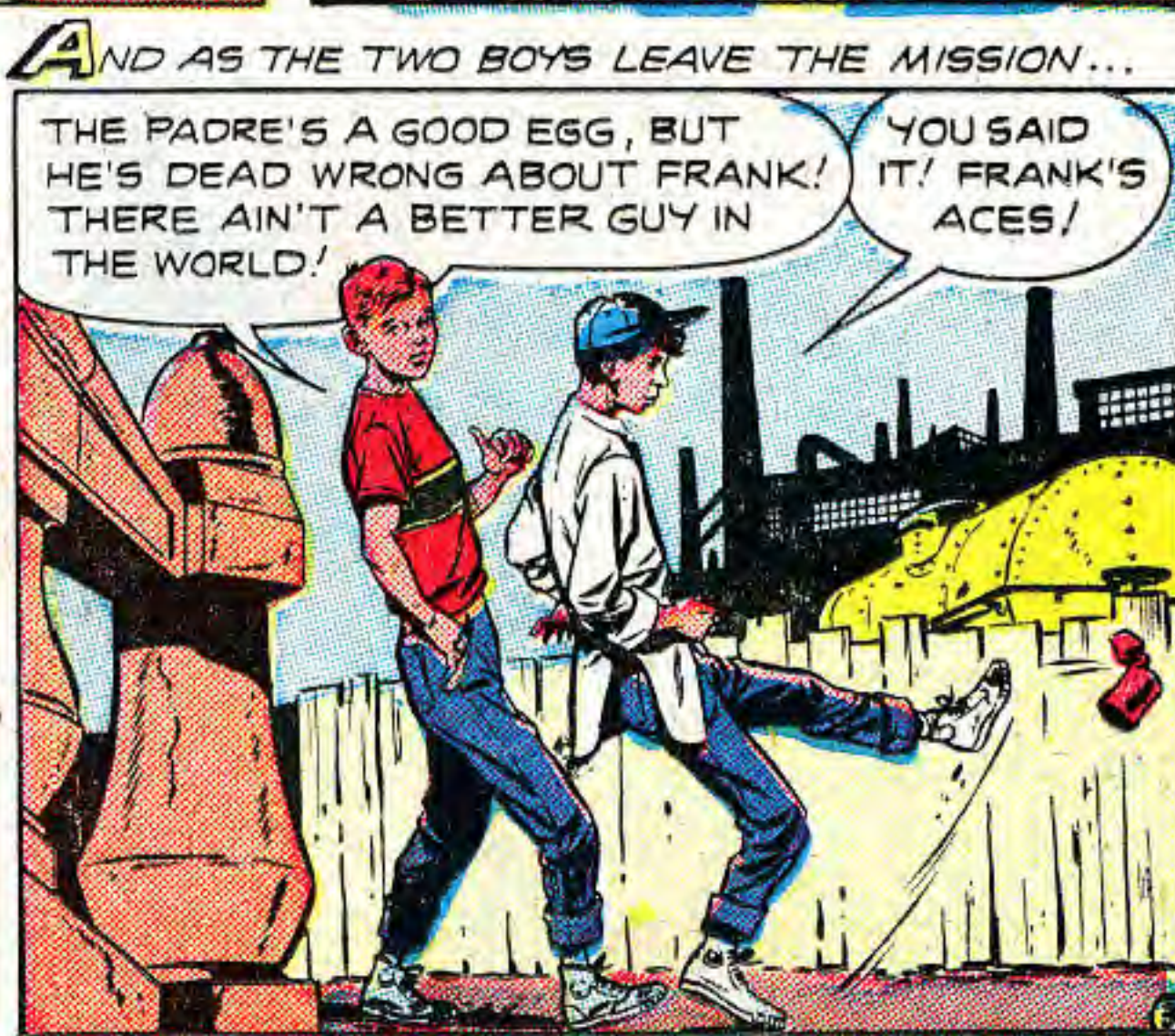


I KNOW WHY YOU BOYS IDOLIZE
FRANK PURDY. IN A SLUM, A POVERTY-
STRICKEN NEIGHBORHOOD LIKE OURS,
IT IS ONLY NATURAL TO PLACE GREAT
VALUE ON TOUGHNESS
AND STRENGTH! AND
IN YOUR EYES, FRANK
PURDY STANDS FOR
JUST THAT!

YOU AIN'T
KIDDIN',
PADRE!
THERE'S NO-
BODY TOUGHER'N
FRANK!



BUT TOUGHNESS AND STRENGTH WITHOUT
GOODNESS ARE FUTILE! I WANT TO WARN
YOU ABOUT FRANK PURDY! HE'S A BAD
MAN, HE'LL COME TO A BAD END! AND
UNLESS YOU'RE CAREFUL, HE'LL
DRAG YOU DOWN WITH HIM!

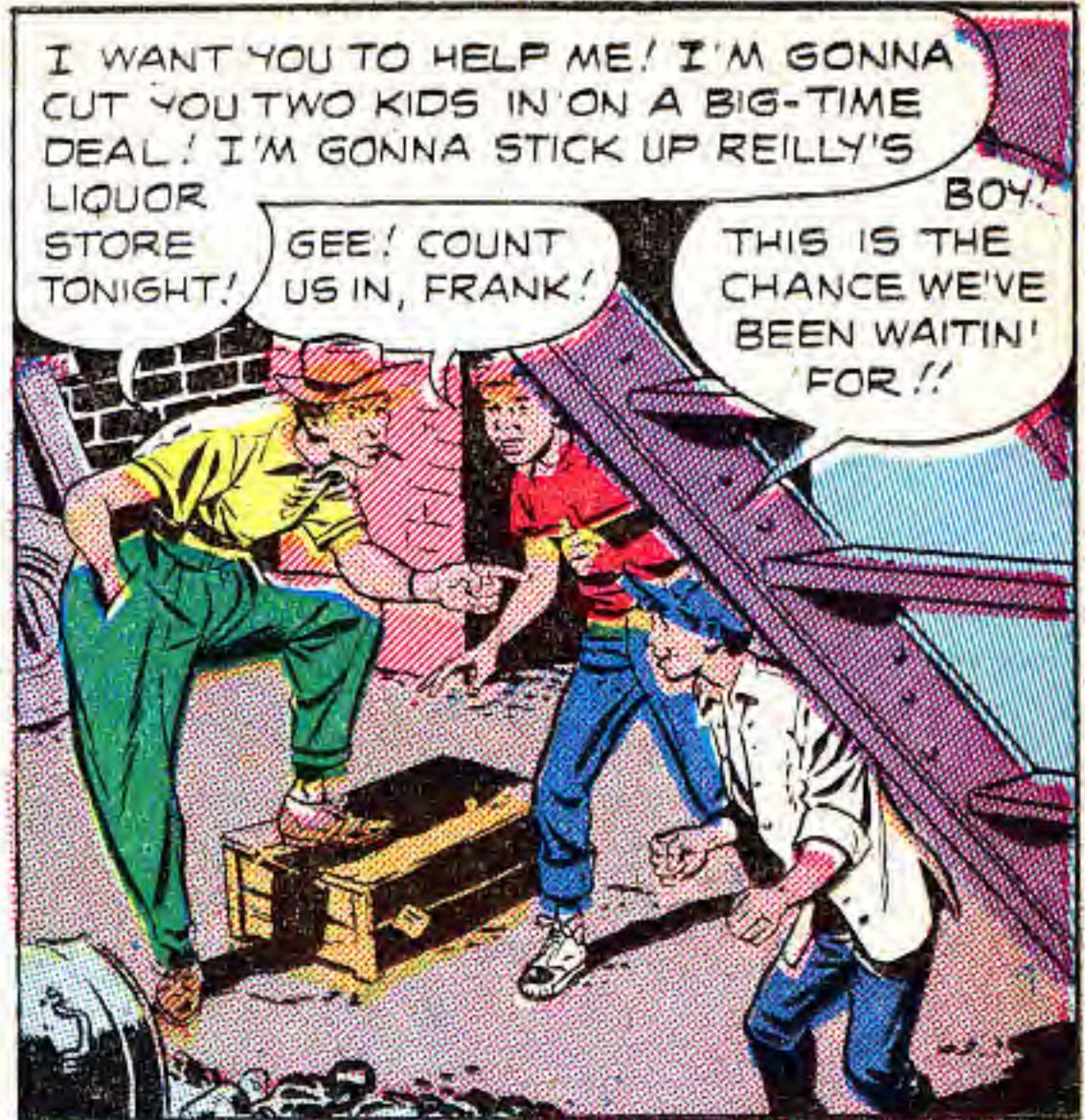
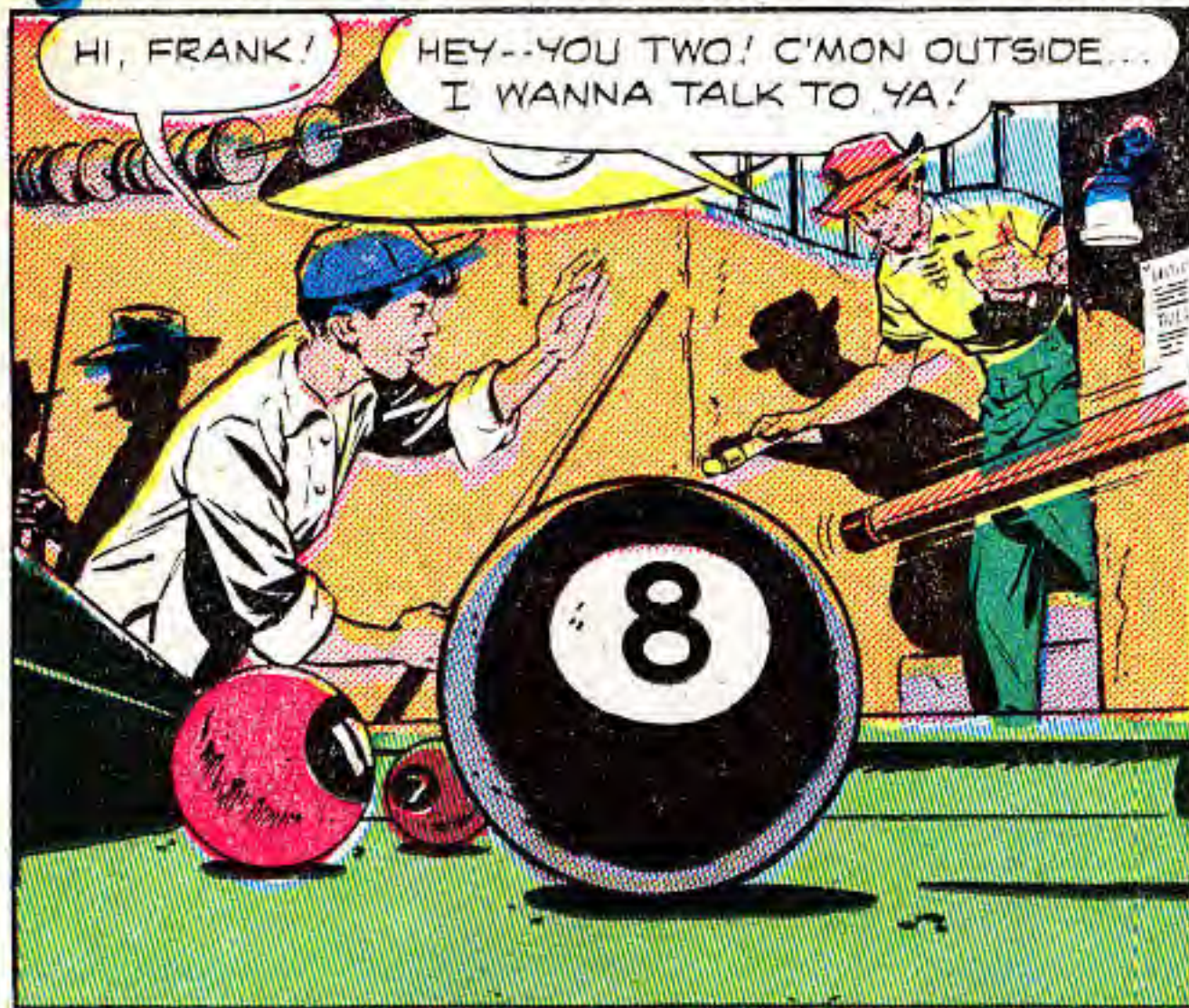


AND AS THE TWO BOYS LEAVE THE MISSION...

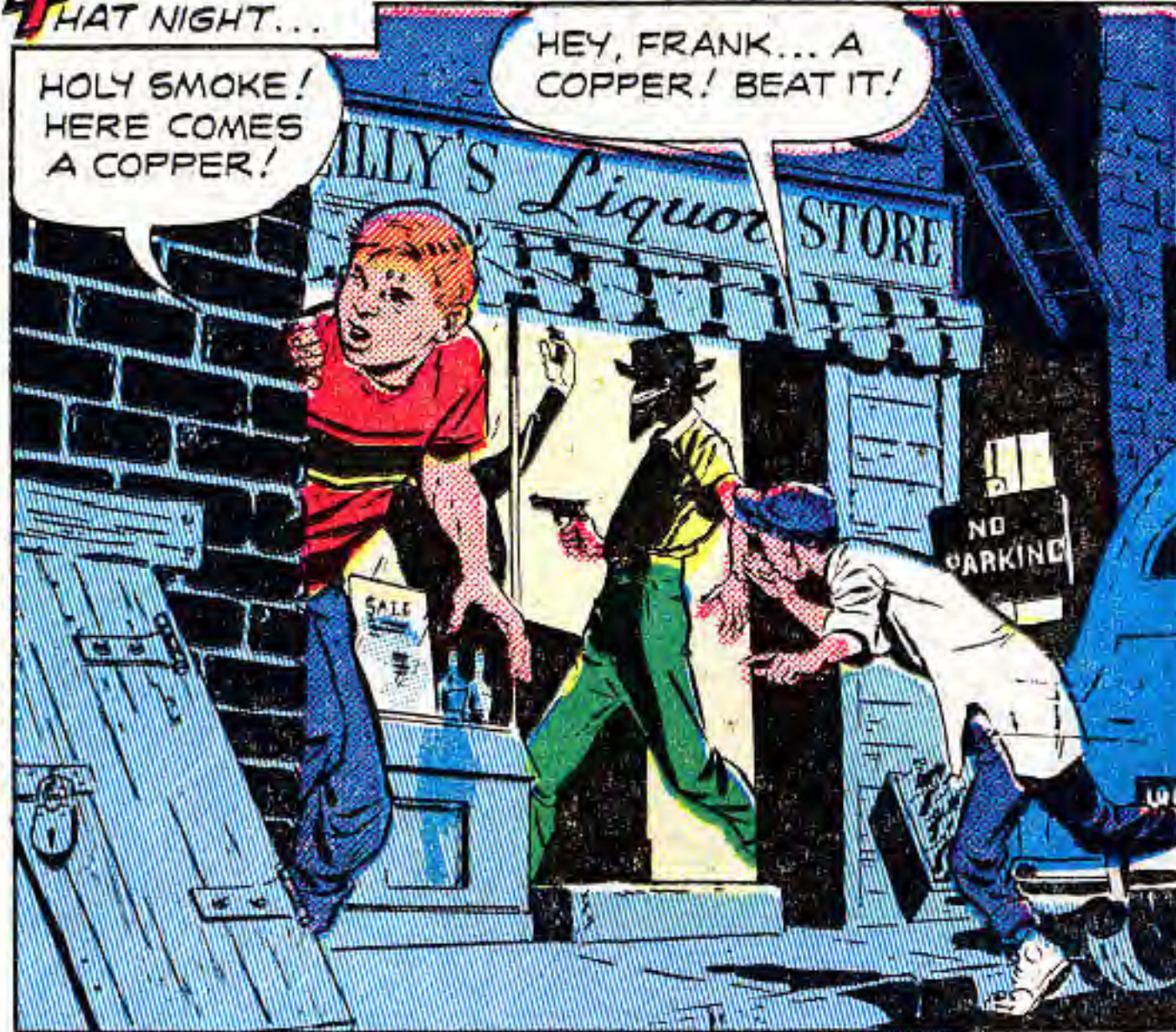
THE PADRE'S A GOOD EGG, BUT
HE'S DEAD WRONG ABOUT FRANK!
THERE AIN'T A BETTER GUY IN
THE WORLD!

YOU SAID
IT! FRANK'S
ACES!

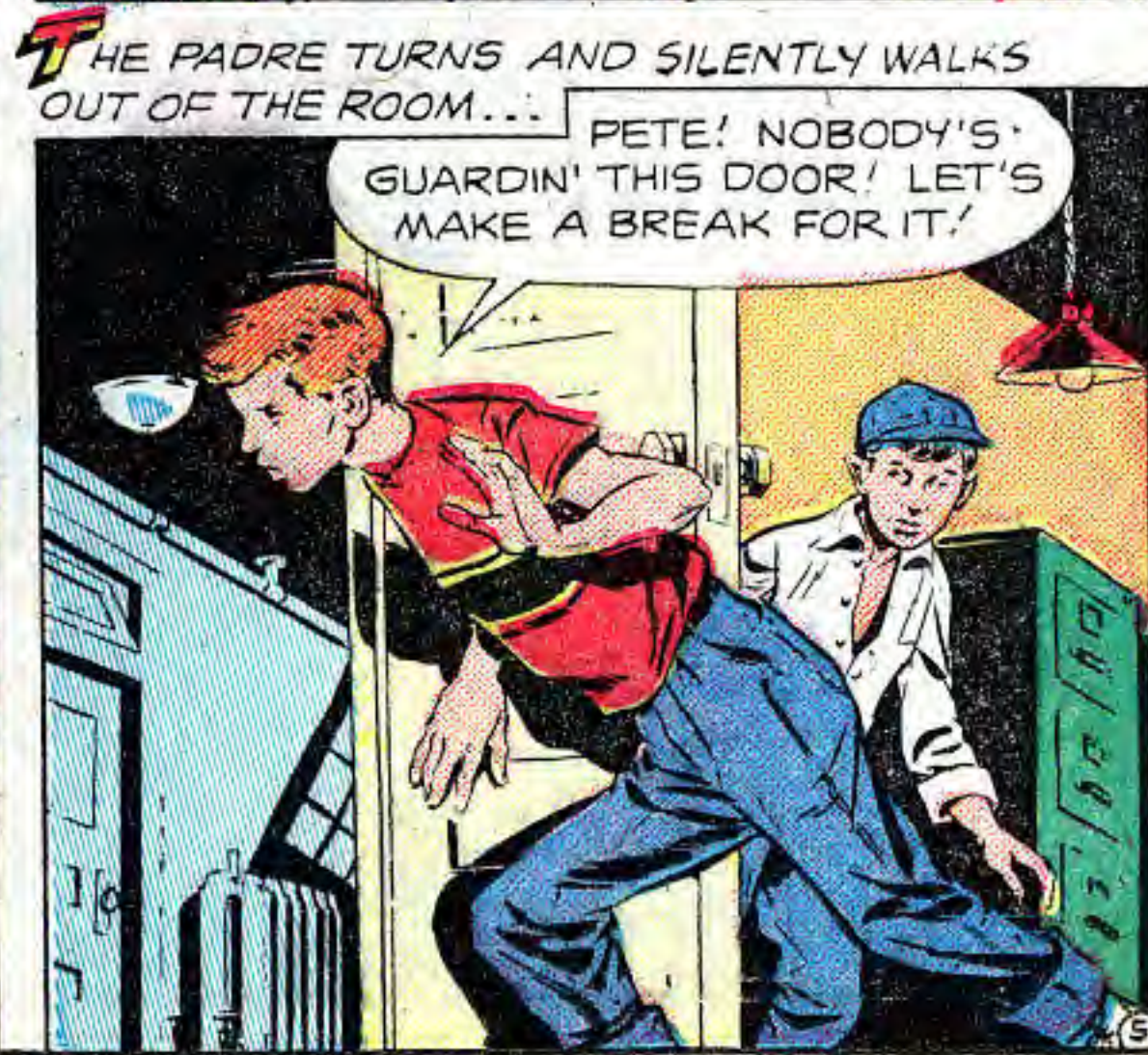
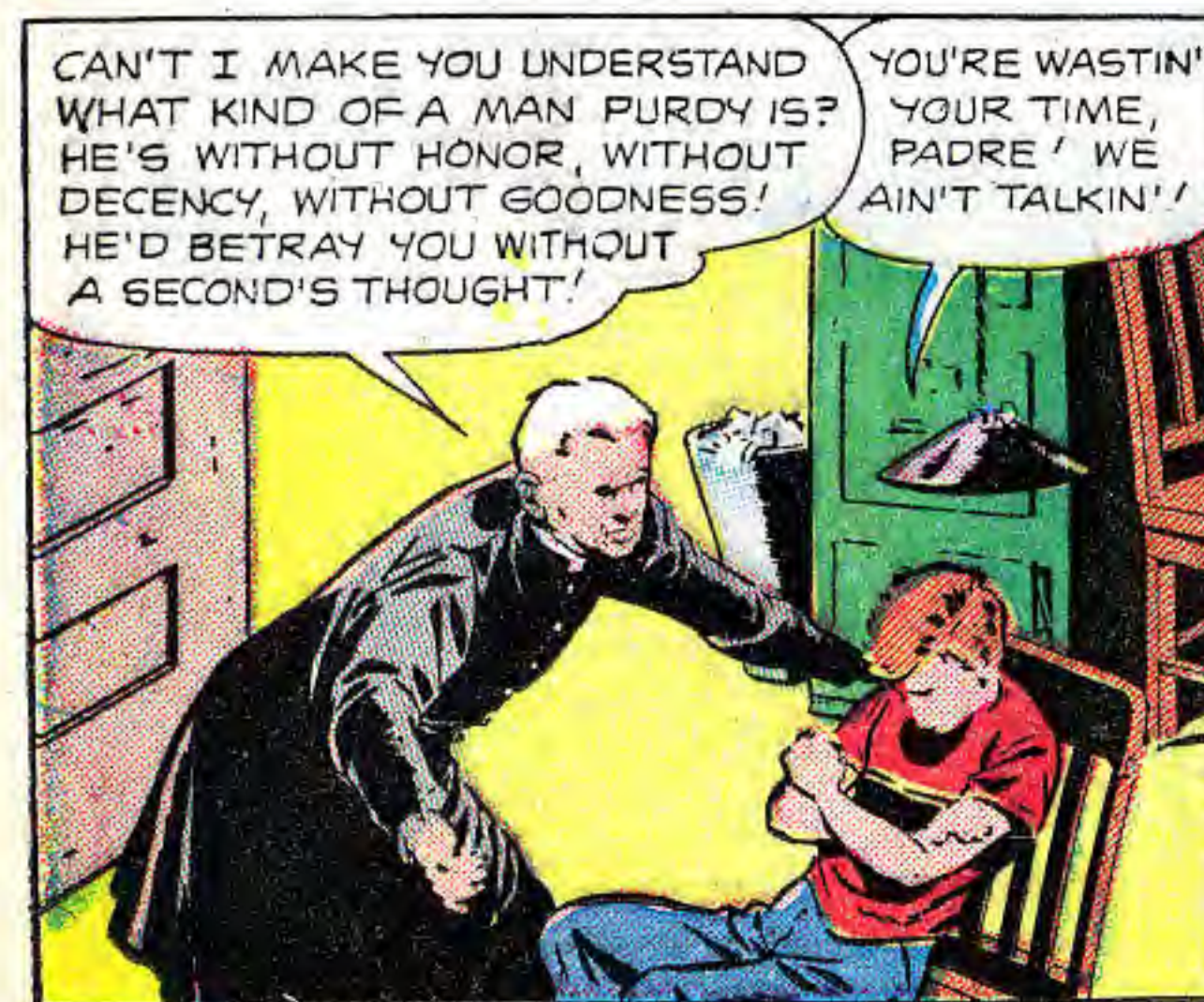
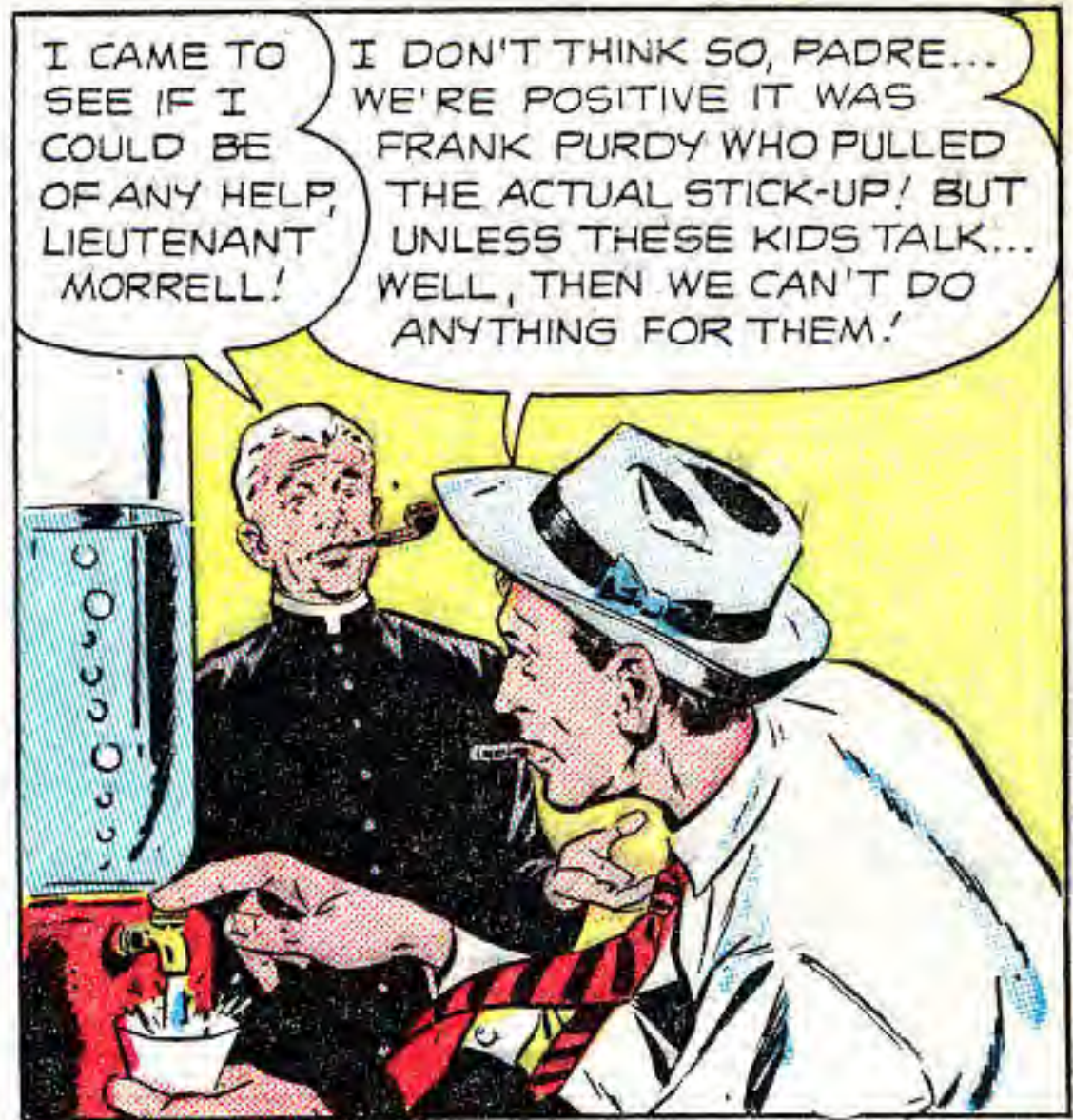
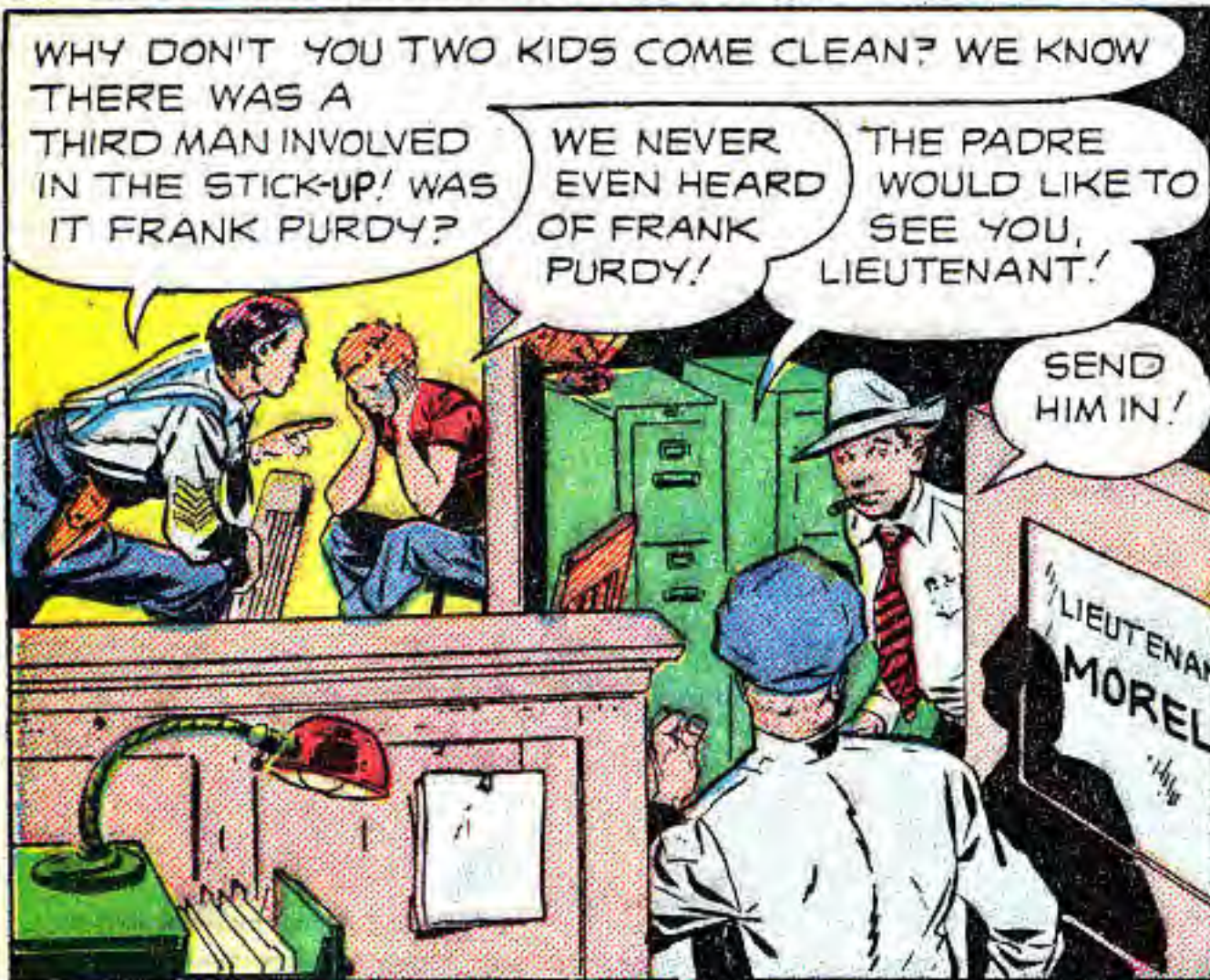
SOME TIME LATER IN THE LOCAL POOL HALL...



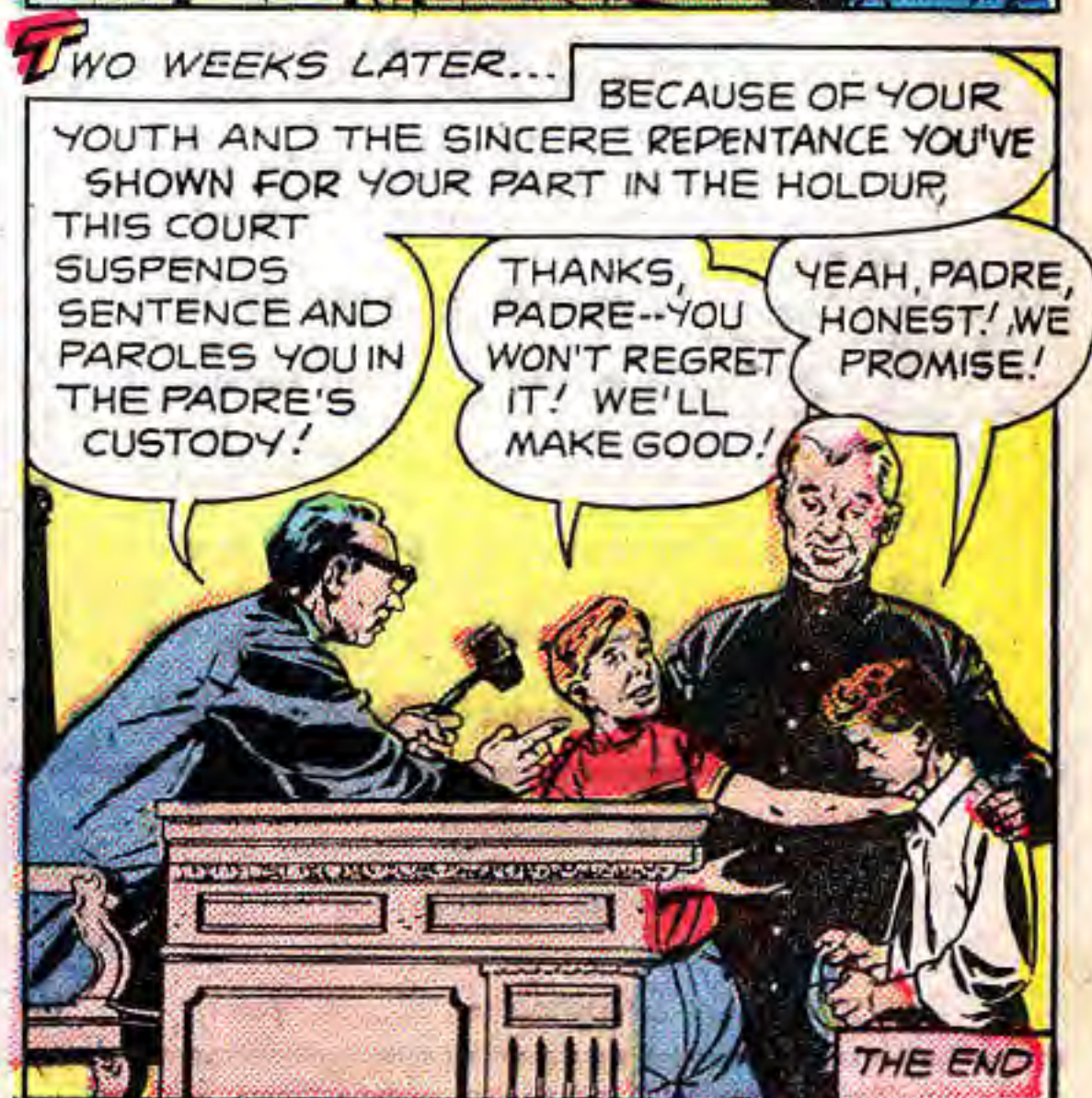
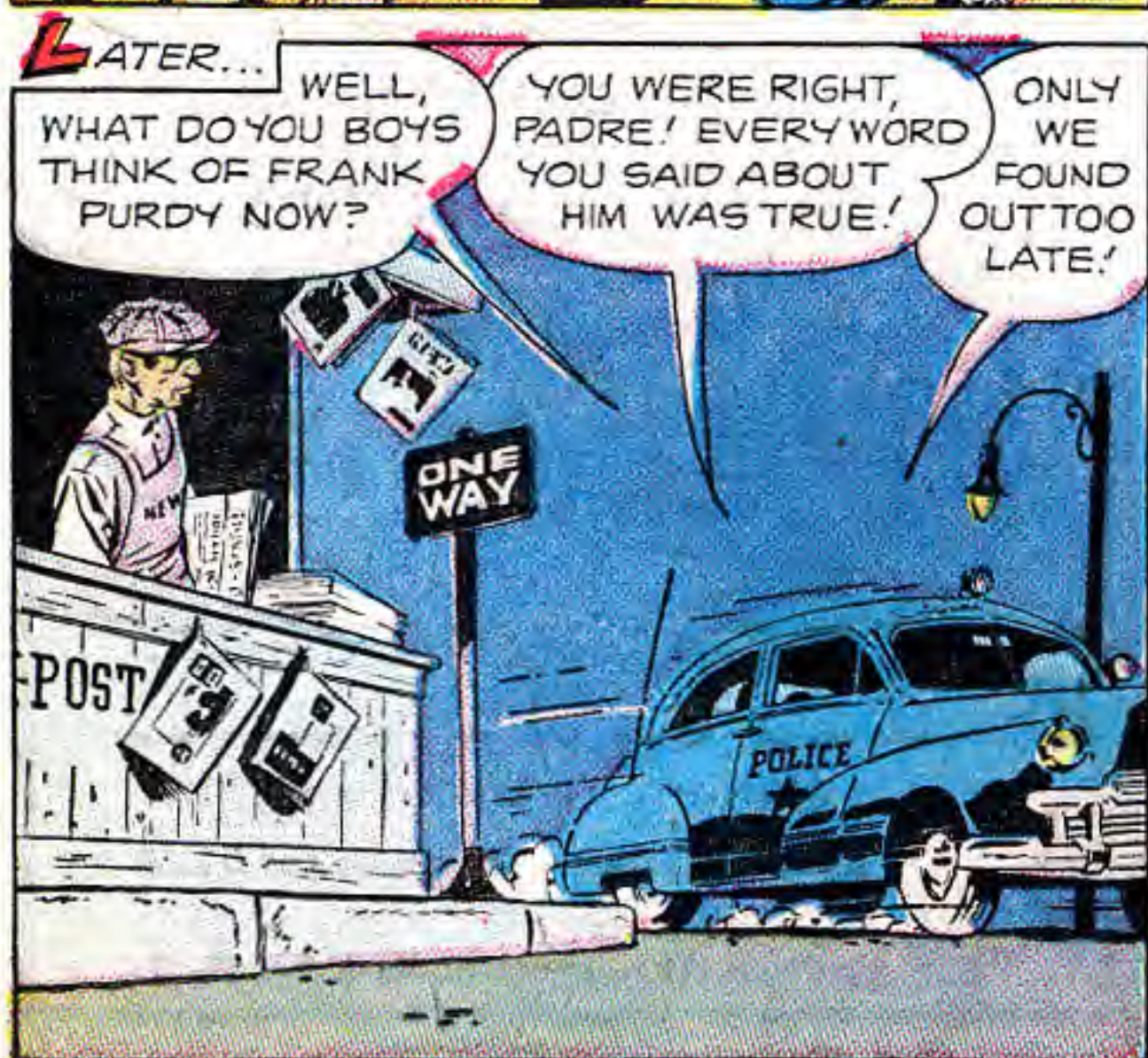
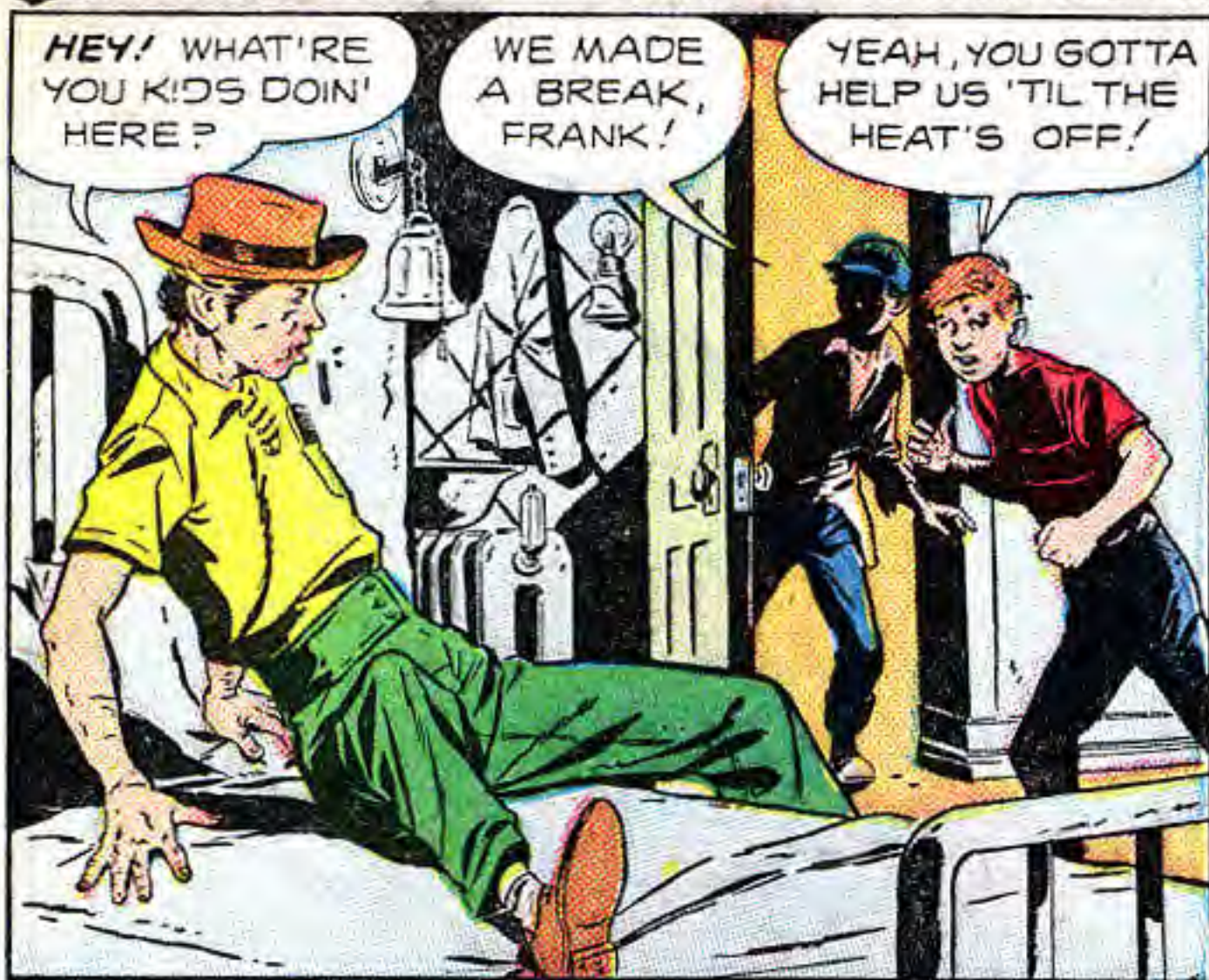
THAT NIGHT...



AT THE STATION HOUSE THE BOYS ARE QUESTIONED BY LIEUTENANT MORELL AND SERGEANT JOHNSON...



SOME MINUTES LATER IN FRANK PURDY'S APARTMENT...



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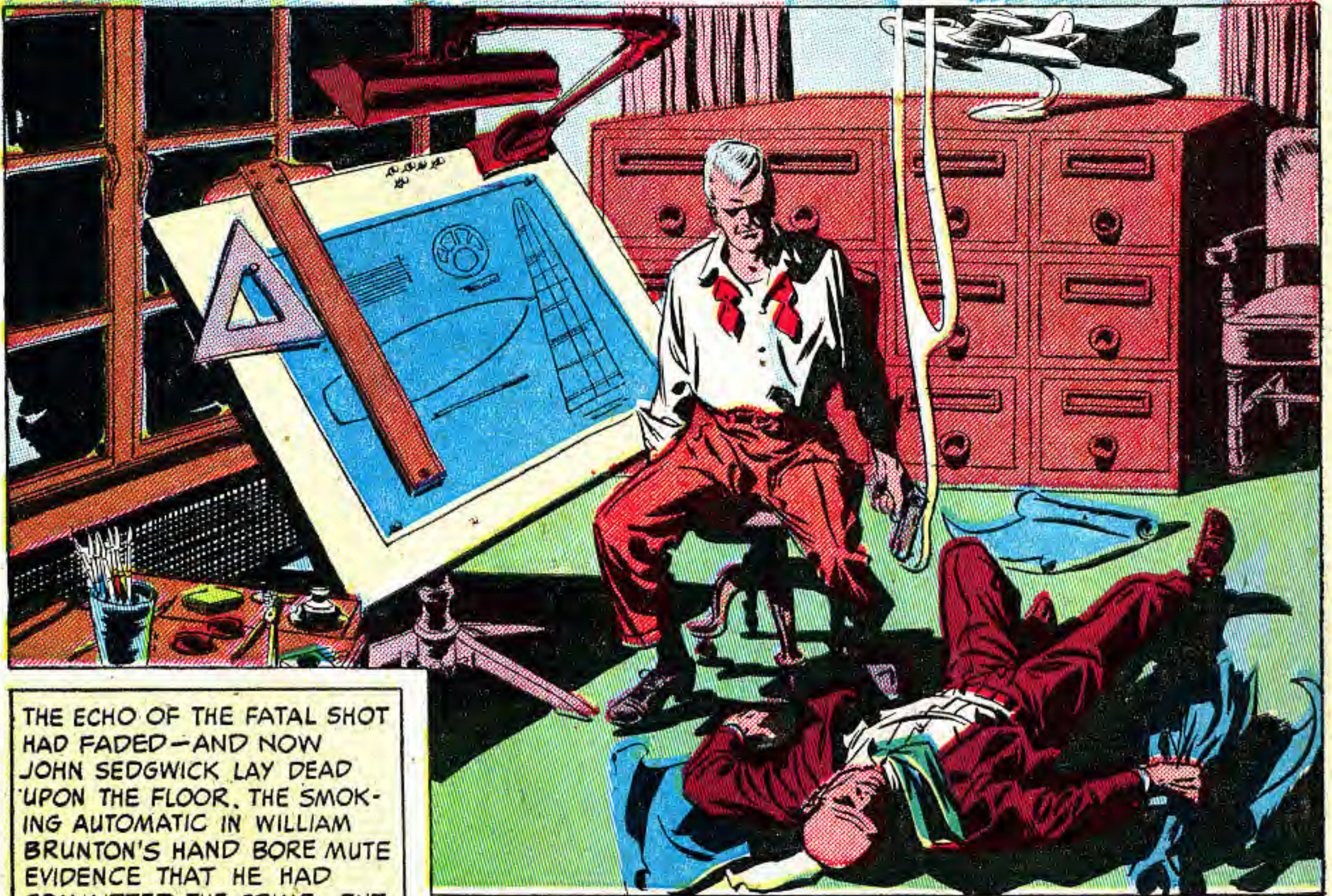
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THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS

in The **MAN WHO WANTED TO DIE!**



THE ECHO OF THE FATAL SHOT HAD FADED—AND NOW JOHN SEDGWICK LAY DEAD UPON THE FLOOR. THE SMOKING AUTOMATIC IN WILLIAM BRUNTON'S HAND BORE MUTE EVIDENCE THAT HE HAD COMMITTED THE CRIME. BUT WHY HAD HE KILLED HIS PARTNER? AS HE SAT IN THE SHADOW OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR A SMILE LIGHTED HIS FEATURES. **MARTYR OR MAD-MAN?** WHAT WAS THE SECRET THAT BRUNTON WAS PREPARED TO GUARD SO CAREFULLY TO HIS GRAVE? HERE IS ONE OF THE STRANGEST EXPERIENCES OF MY CAREER—THE CASE OF **THE MAN WHO WANTED TO DIE!**



"ONE AFTERNOON, AS WE WERE WALKING ACROSS THE PRISON YARD, WARDEN SIMMS DIRECTED MY ATTENTION TO A WINDOW IN THE 'DEATH HOUSE'."

THERE HE IS—AT THE WINDOW. SEE HIM? HE'S GRINNING LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT. THE GUARDS CALL HIM **"THE MAN WHO WANTS TO DIE!"**

UNBELIEVABLE! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A CONDEMNED MAN ACTING LIKE THAT BEFORE!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! USUALLY DOOMED CRIMINALS PROTEST THEIR INNOCENCE, OR GET PANICKY, OR SINK INTO DESPAIR!

I KNOW — BUT NOT BRUNTON. HE ACCEPTS HIS FATE CHEERFULLY — THOUGH HE'S SCHEDULED TO DIE TOMORROW MORNING!



ENOUGH TO GIVE A MAN THE CREEPS! HE SEEMS TO BE WAITING FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO HAPPEN. HIS ONLY PREOCCUPATION SEEMS TO BE WITH TIME. FROM THE MOMENT HE GETS UP IN THE MORNING HE KEEPS A CAREFUL CHECK ON THE PASSING HOURS!



I'D LIKE TO TALK TO HIM, WARDEN.

GO AHEAD, DOCTOR — BUT YOU WON'T GET ANY MORE OUT OF HIM THAN I DID!



"A FEW MINUTES LATER I WAS ADMITTED TO THE CONDEMNED MAN'S CELL. BRUNTON WAS OBVIOUSLY INTELLIGENT. HIS RECORD SHOWED THAT HE HAD BEEN A FAMOUS AIRPLANE DESIGNER, ONE OF THREE PARTNERS IN THE T.B.S. CORPORATION."

YOU SEEM CONTENT, BRUNTON. DO YOU THINK YOU HAD A FAIR TRIAL?

OH, YES! I PLEADED GUILTY. THE JURY COULD HAVE REACHED NO OTHER VERDICT!



BUT WHY DID YOU KILL YOUR PARTNER? I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE VERY CLOSE FRIENDS.

WE WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS UNTIL — HA! HA! YOU'D LIKE ME TO CONTINUE, WOULDN'T YOU, DOCTOR? BY THE WAY, WHAT TIME IS IT?



HALF-PAST TWO... SURELY YOU HAD SOME REASON —

SEDGWICK **HAD** TO DIE! THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!



"FURTHER QUESTIONING GOT ME NOWHERE. I RETURNED TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE."

"EARLY NEXT MORNING I VISITED THE T.B.S. CORPORATION. THE HUGE AVIATION PLANT OCCUPIED TEN ACRES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY AFTER A SHORT WAIT I WAS USHERED INTO FRANK TALMAN'S OFFICE..."

AS YOU KNOW, SEDGWICK AND BRUNTON WERE DESIGNING ENGINEERS! I WAS THE BUSINESS MANAGER. IN FACT, I RAISED THE MONEY TO LAUNCH THIS COMPANY. OUR AFFAIRS WERE RUNNING SMOOTHLY UNTIL A FEW MONTHS AGO WHEN BRUNTON BEGAN TO ACT SUSPICIOUSLY.

I TOLD YOU IT WAS USELESS!

BRUNTON IS PROTECTING SOMEONE! HE HAD ANOTHER PARTNER BY THE NAME OF FRANK TALMAN - HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE CASE.

SO YOUR FRIENDSHIP WITH BRUNTON AND SEDGWICK GOES BACK A GOOD MANY YEARS?

OH, YES! WE WERE CHUMS IN COLLEGE. NATURALLY, I'VE BEEN ALL BROKEN UP ABOUT THIS. NOW THAT THEY'RE GONE I'VE HAD TO RUN THIS ENTIRE PLANT. I'VE BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT.



"AT THE PLANT'S ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY MY SON EDGAR AND BRUNTON'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER LINDA ANNOUNCED THEIR ENGAGEMENT..."

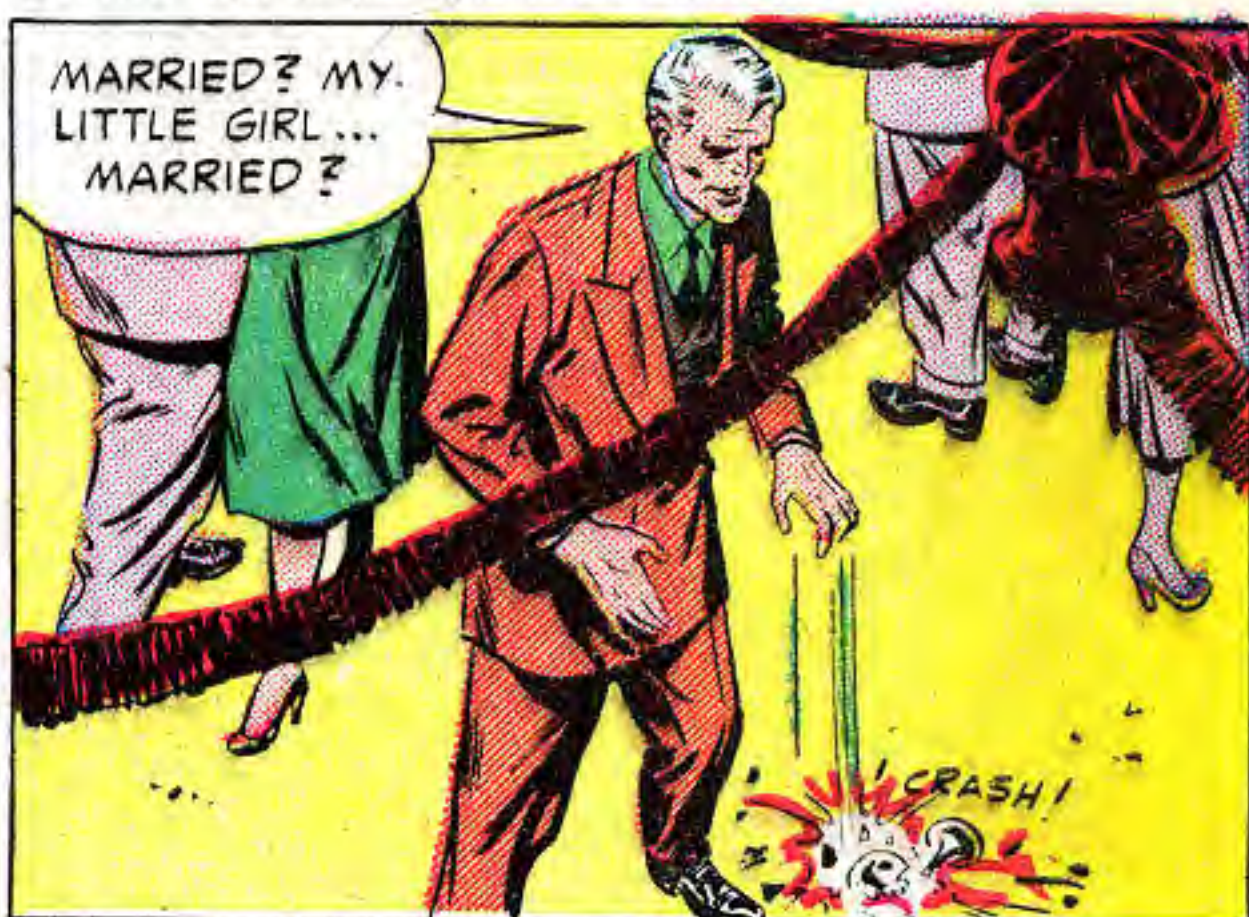
"WHEN BRUNTON HEARD THE NEWS, HIS FACE TWITCHED CONVULSIVELY, AND HIS CHAMPAGNE GLASS CRASHED ON THE FLOOR..."

HERE'S TO EDGAR AND LINDA!

MAY THEY LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!



MARRIED? MY LITTLE GIRL... MARRIED?

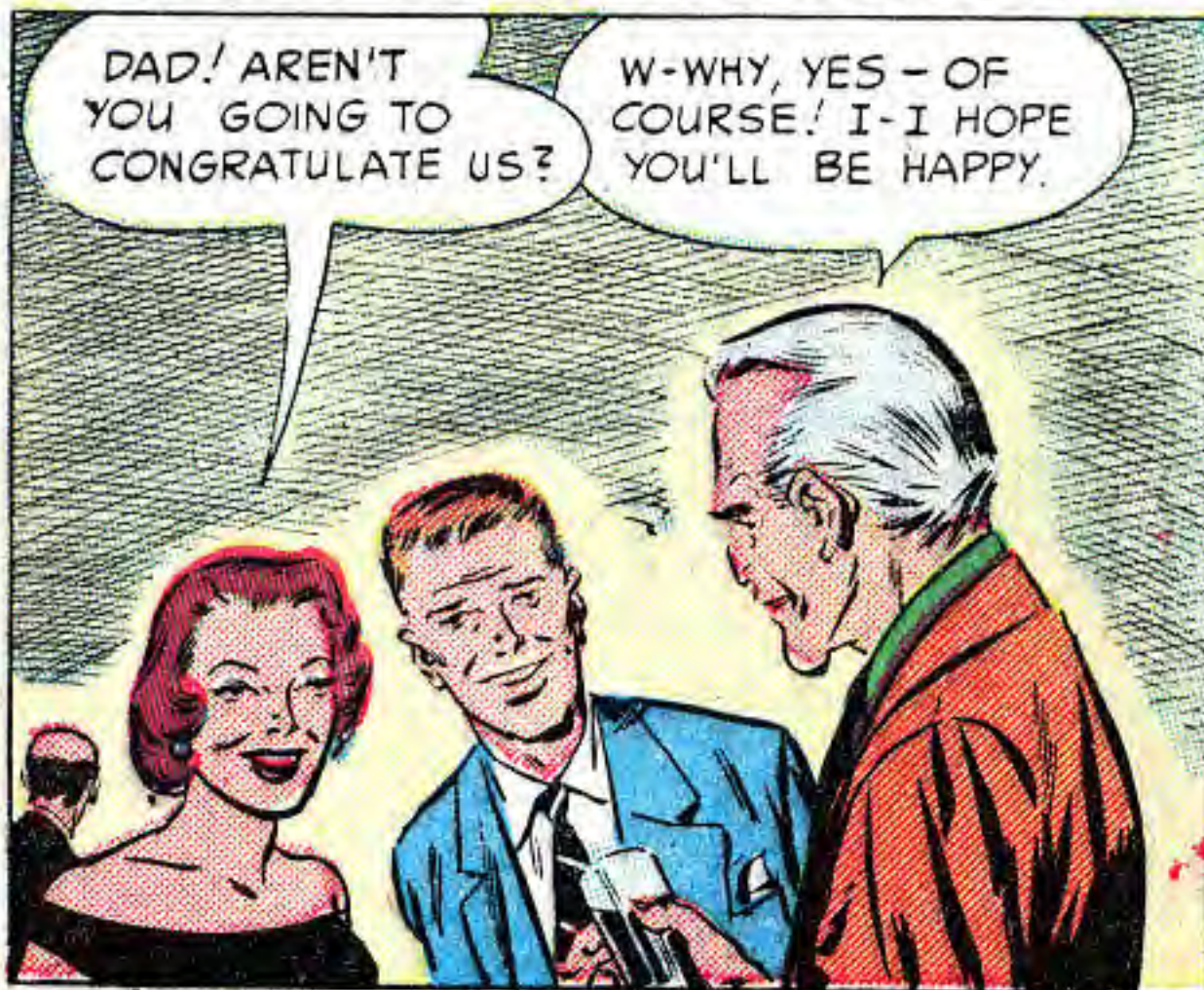


"BUT HE SOON REGAINED HIS COMPOSURE..."

"LATE ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE TRAGEDY SEDGWICK AND BRUNTON WERE IN CONFERENCE. AT THE TRIAL, BRUNTON'S SECRETARY TESTIFIED THAT SHE HEARD LOUD QUARRELLING AND, A FEW MOMENTS LATER..."

DAD! AREN'T YOU GOING TO CONGRATULATE US?

W-WHY, YES - OF COURSE! I-I HOPE YOU'LL BE HAPPY.



OH! A SHOT! HELP! HELP!



"WHEN THE EMPLOYEES ENTERED..."



BRUNTON WAS THE "BRAINS" OF THE COMPANY. HE WAS OUR MASTER DESIGNER AND HAD PERFECTED OUR BEST PLANES.

BUT WHY WOULD HE KILL SEDGWICK - HIS BEST FRIEND?



I WISH I KNEW. ODDLY ENOUGH, OUR NEWEST PLANE - BRUNTON'S LAST DESIGN - IS TO BE TESTED AT SIX O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING, ONE HOUR BEFORE BRUNTON'S EXECUTION. MY SON, EDGAR, IS THE TEST PILOT!



"THE INFORMATION TALMAN HAD GIVEN ME WASN'T MUCH TO GO ON. I LAY AWAKE ALL NIGHT TRYING TO FIND THE ANSWER TO BRUNTON'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR. FINALLY, I AROSE AND WENT OVER TO THE DEATH HOUSE..."

HELLO, DRISCOLL! HOW'S BRUNTON BEEN ACTING?

CHEERFUL AS EVER, DOCTOR. BUT HE'S BEEN DRIVIN' ME CRAZY ALL NIGHT. EVERY TEN MINUTES HE ASKS ME WHAT TIME IT IS!



HOW DO YOU FEEL, BRUNTON?

FINE - FINE! BY THE WAY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

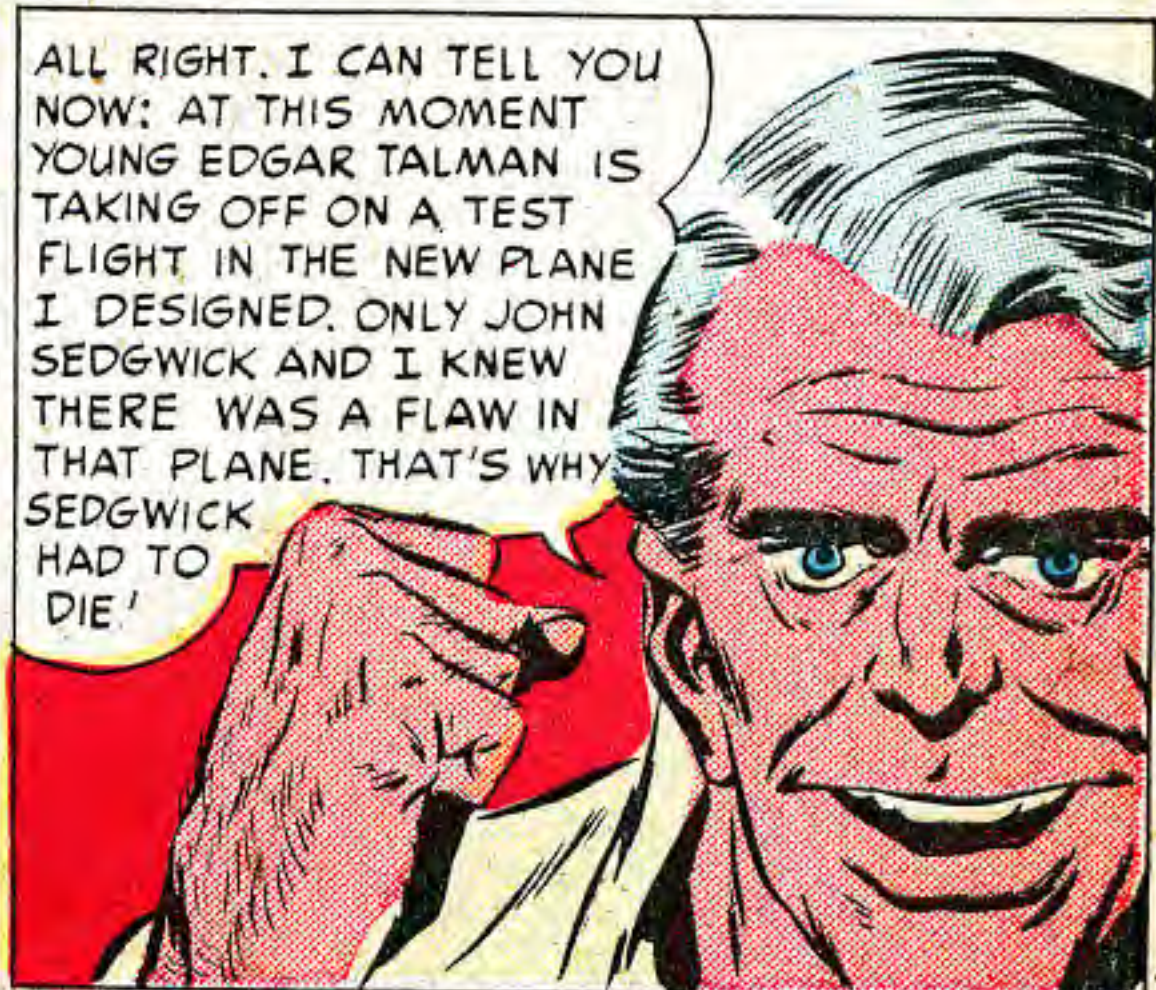


IT'S FIVE-THIRTY!

WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



"AS THE MINUTES TICKED AWAY, BRUNTON SEEMED TO GROW HAPPIER AND MORE EXCITED. FINALLY..."



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT
YOU, BRUNTON. IT'S
ONLY **FIVE** O'CLOCK.
I HAD A FEELING
YOU WERE WAITING
FOR SOME
ZERO HOUR AND
PUSHED MY WATCH
UP AN HOUR!

NO! NO!
YOU
COULDN'T-!

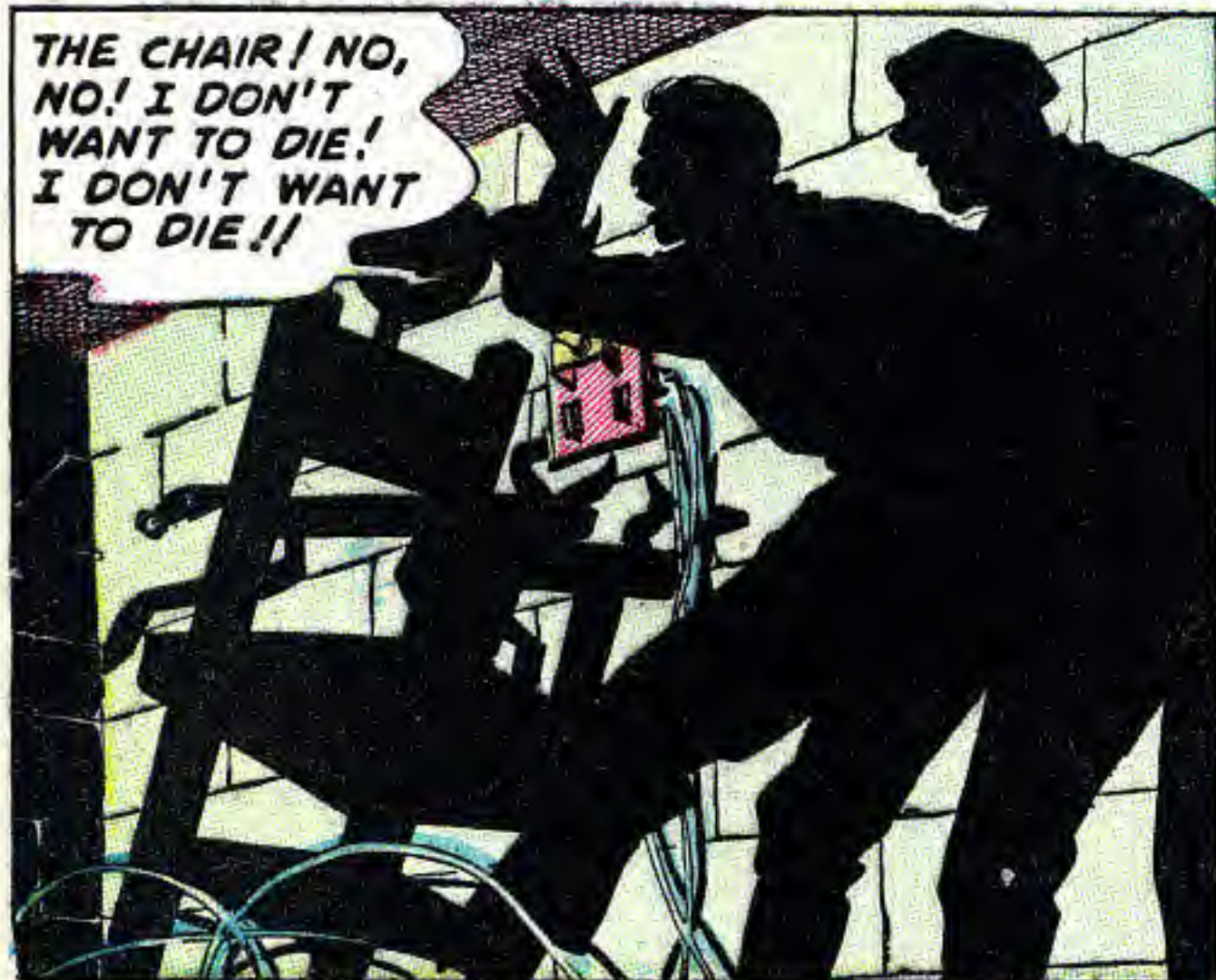
WELL, I'LL GO AND
MAKE THAT
PHONE CALL...

"AFTER I CALLED FRANK TALMAN, I
RETURNED TO BRUNTON'S CELL. IT
WAS TIME FOR HIM TO WALK THE
'LAST MILE.'"

TIME TO GO,
BRUNTON!



THE CHAIR! NO,
NO! I DON'T
WANT TO DIE!
I DON'T WANT
TO DIE!!



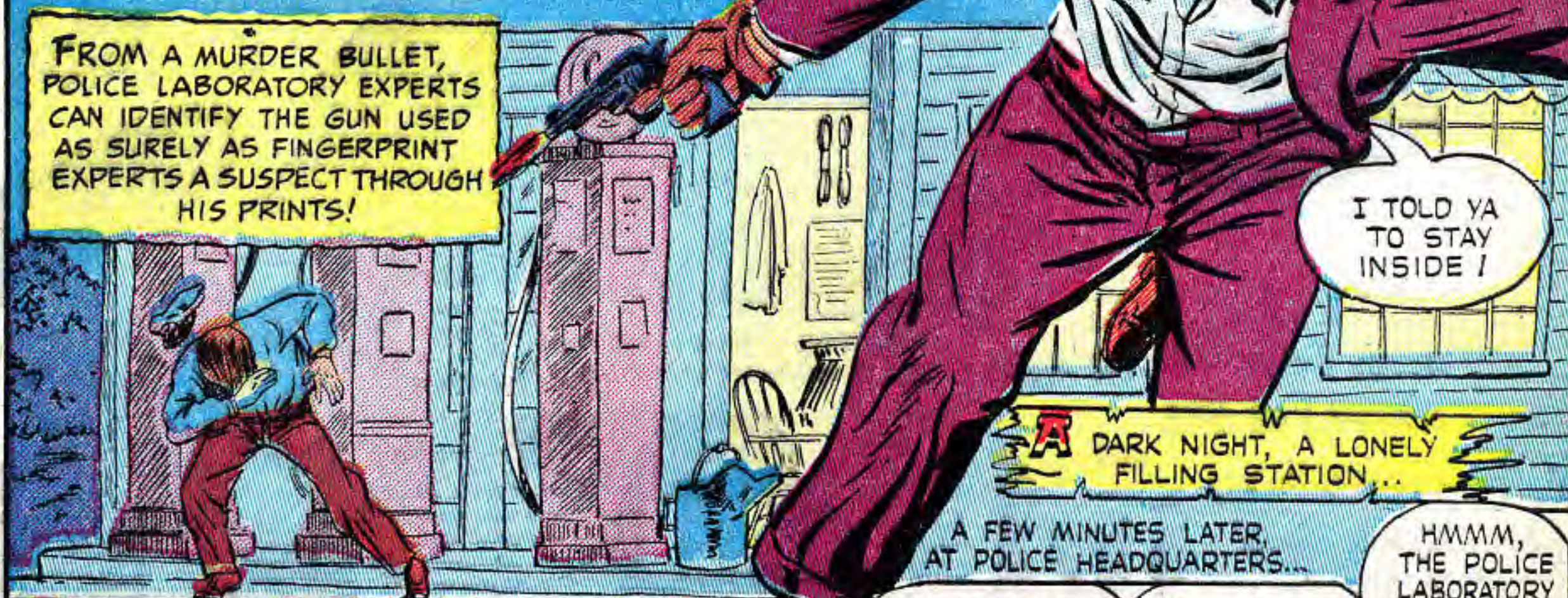
AND SO THE MAN
WHO WANTED TO DIE
CHANGED HIS MIND -
WHEN IT WAS
TOO LATE!



THE
END

"Fingerprinting A BULLET!"

FROM A MURDER BULLET, POLICE LABORATORY EXPERTS CAN IDENTIFY THE GUN USED AS SURELY AS FINGERPRINT EXPERTS A SUSPECT THROUGH HIS PRINTS!



I TOLD YA TO STAY INSIDE!

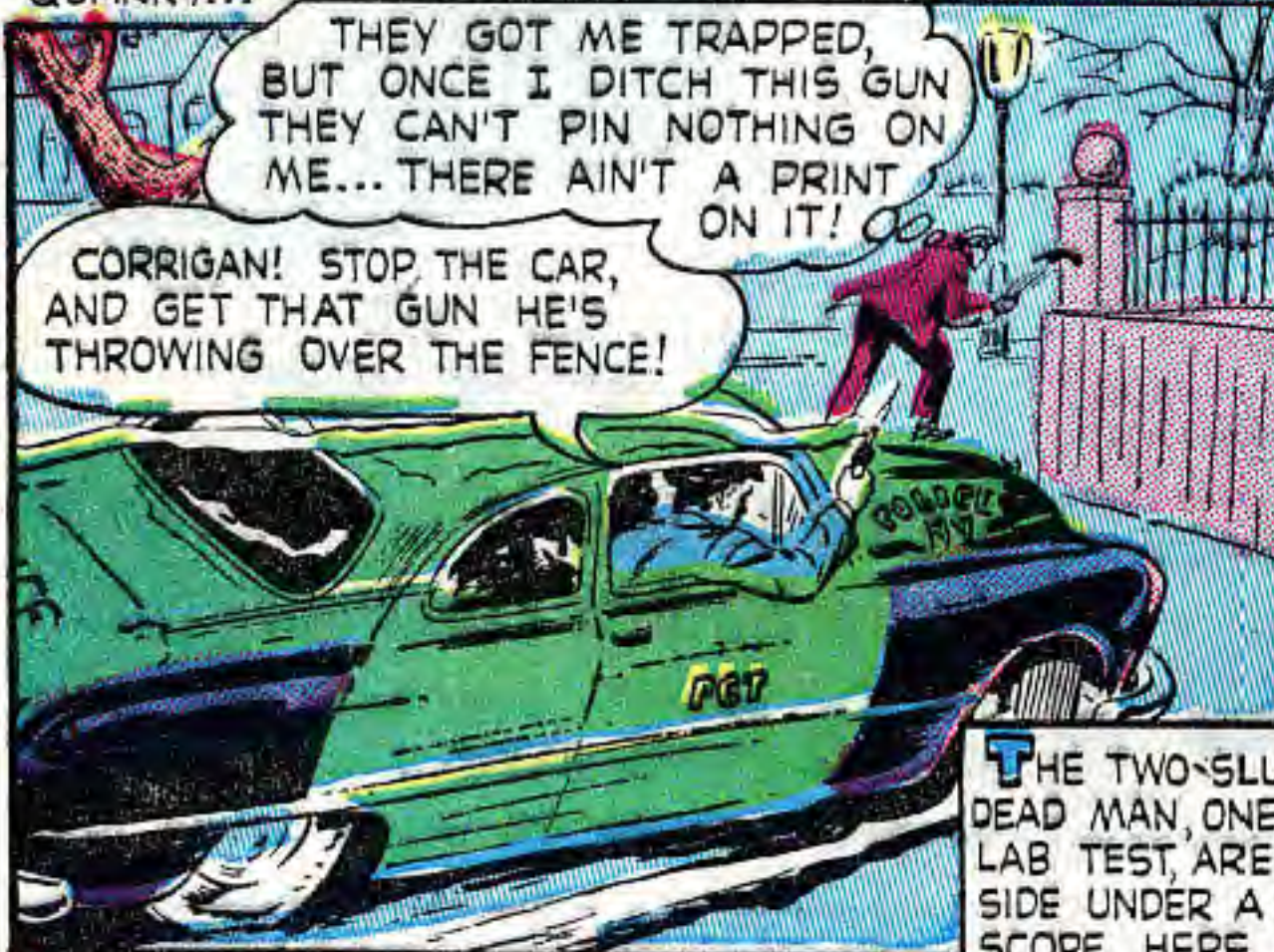
A DARK NIGHT, A LONELY FILLING STATION...

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

A NEIGHBOR HEARS THE SHOT, PHONES THE POLICE, AND SOON, A CRUISING PROWL CAR SPOTS ITS QUARRY...

THEY GOT ME TRAPPED, BUT ONCE I DITCH THIS GUN THEY CAN'T PIN NOTHING ON ME... THERE AIN'T A PRINT ON IT!

CORRIGAN! STOP THE CAR, AND GET THAT GUN HE'S THROWING OVER THE FENCE!



HE THREW THE GUN OVER THE FENCE, INSPECTOR! CORRIGAN HERE GRABBED IT!

YAHHH, SO SUPPOSE IT IS MINE! IT DON'T PROVE I BUMPED THAT PUNK AT THE FILLING STATION!

HMMM, THE POLICE LABORATORY WILL DECIDE THAT! CORRIGAN, TAKE THE GUN DOWN TO THE LAB!



THE TWO-SLUGS, ONE FROM THE DEAD MAN, ONE FROM THE POLICE LAB TEST, ARE PLACED SIDE BY SIDE UNDER A POWERFUL MICROSCOPE. HERE IS THE RESULT...

...ANOTHER TRIGGER-HAPPY PUNK IN REAL TROUBLE! LOOK, JERRY!

HMMM, BOTH SLUGS HAVE IDENTICAL MARKS FROM THE LANDS IN THE GUN-BARREL! THIS MAKES AN AIR-TIGHT MURDER CASE!

IN THE POLICE LABORATORY, THE MURDER GUN IS FIRED AGAIN, THIS TIME INTO A HEAVY BAG OF FELT AND WASTE THAT WILL STOP IT, BUT NOT CHANGE ITS SHAPE...

GOT IT, JERRY! IN GOOD SHAPE, TOO, ALMOST LIKE IT HAD NEVER BEEN SHOT INTO THIS BAG!

GOOD, NOW WE'LL PUT IT UNDER THE MICROSCOPE AND COMPARE IT WITH THE BULLET FROM THE DEAD MAN'S BODY!



THE "LANDS", MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS RIFLING, IN THE PISTOL BARREL, CUT MINUTE GROOVES INTO THE BULLET AS IT PASSES OUT OF THE GUN! LIKE FINGERPRINTS, *NO TWO GUNS LEAVE EXACTLY THE SAME GROOVES IN THE BULLET...* THEREFORE, A LABORATORY TEST WILL REVEAL WHETHER THE GUN IN QUESTION FIRED THE MURDER SLUG!



THE LANDS ARE SLIGHTLY RAISED PARTS IN THE GUN BARREL. THEY ARE PUT THERE TO IMPART SPIN TO THE BULLET SO IT WILL TRAVEL STRAIGHTER AND FASTER! CRIME CAN NEVER HOPE TO COMPETE WITH THE METHODS OF THE LAW!



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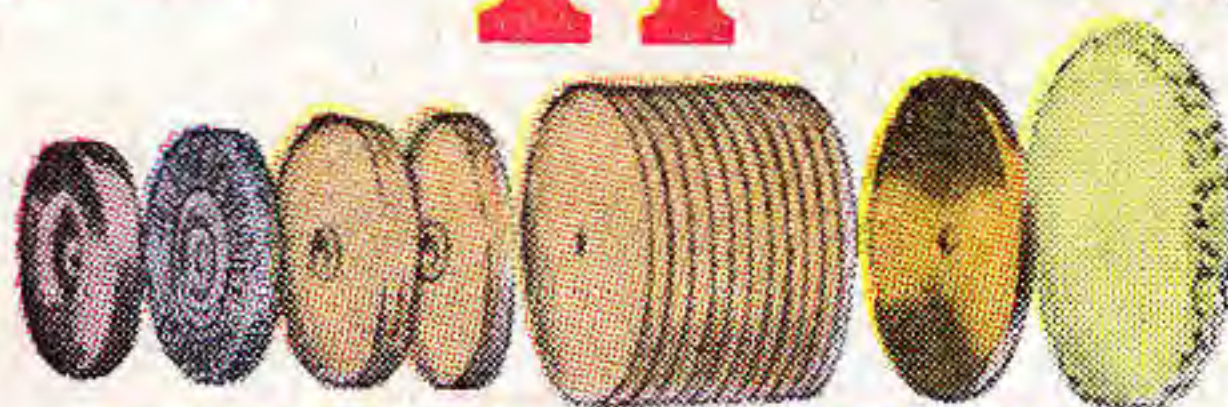
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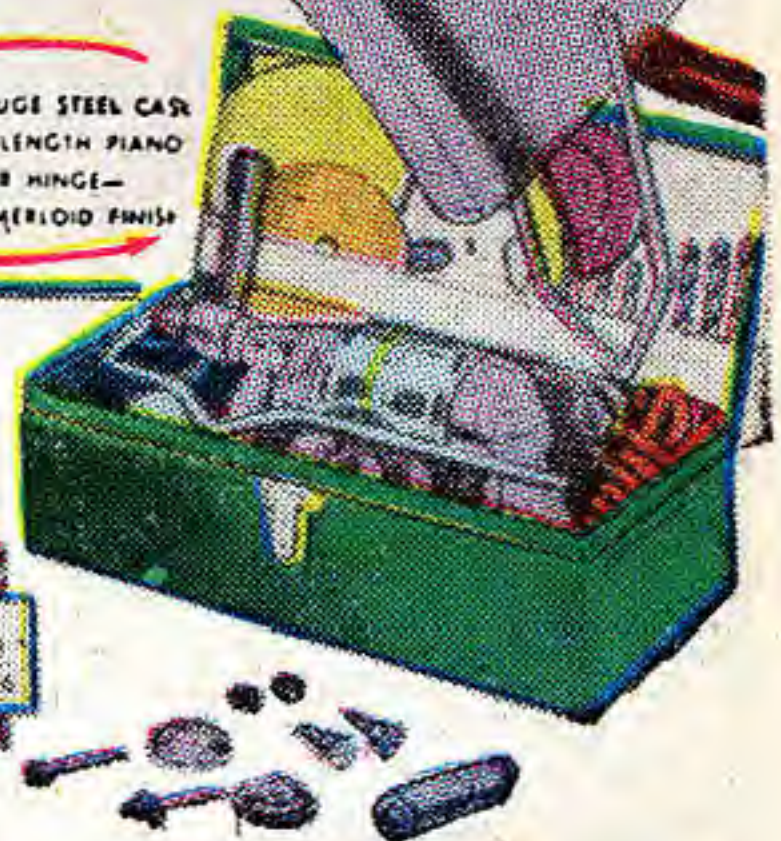
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and other
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Autos
before
painting

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scissors,
saws

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1/2 inch
in
metal,
wood
and
similar
surfaces

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paint
in
one
minute
*
also
mix
food

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rust
and
paint
from
radiators

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in
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